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MORE FAITH IN THEE.

BY REV. D. WISE, D. D.

When like a bark at sea
By rude winds tossed,
Fierce troubles threaten me
And hope seems lost,
O, then, my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

When Satan buffet me
With cruel hate,
Or like a lion fierce
Roars at my gate,
O, then, my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

Though from earth's golden fields,
I reap much gain,
Though honors crown my brow,
And I win fame;
Yet still my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

Though like a beggar, I
Of friends bereft,
To live by rich men's alms
Am sadly left,
Yet still my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

Though in my heart assail
And wound me sore,
And though my deeds be thorns
Piercing me o'er,
Yet still my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

When sickness casts me down,
When death draws near,
And when my body stings
Still wake my fear,
O, then, my cry shall be,
More faith, O Christ, in Thee,
More faith in Thee!

AMBULANCE CHAT.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

Methodist Quarterly Notanda.—*Plagiarism.—The Conflict of Ages.*

"*Pavlo majora canamus*," which means, "Look out for a dull article this time!" or, more literally translated, "a little longer article." You have left me a little margin for annotations on the Quarterly, and first, of course, we jump to the Editor's Table; yet we thus far by no means hit the desert of the bill of fare, much less the soup, for the ribs and the roast are always here if anywhere. And in this respect the present number is no exception to the general rule. The notice of Prof. Newcomb gives us Paley on miracles and Bushnell on the supernatural twisted into a logical and rhetorical thunderbolt. But while this is Dr. Whedon's official exoteric utterance, whose words will be eagerly drunk by every reader whose hand is on the pulse of this feverish age, every reader will also long to know if this is its uttermost thought upon these momentous themes. Is he, in the study and in the closet, perfectly content to stand with Paley and Bushnell? In our humble judgment the eighteenth-century attempt to prove the supernatural by a syllogism was a failure. Paley's reasonings are helpful to men who on other grounds accept Christianity, and they satisfactorily refute certain errors of the understanding, but they do not reach the most dangerous infidelity of to-day. And so some who read this notice will murmur with H. Flaccus, esq., "*Bonus Homerus dormitat*;" but this I, for one, do not believe.

The editor's notes on Bastian and Tyndall go to the marrow of the theme. For the benefit of the unfortunate who do not read the Quarterly, we drop in here a tantalizing morsel upon Wyville Thomson's account of the voyage of the Challenger, wherein he assumes that science proves that living beings cannot live in a vacuum or in the fire. "Science may be too positive in her negatives. She cannot affirm that beings cannot 'live in a vacuum or in the fire.' We do not believe that life, conscious being, personality, is dependent on organization, or limited to material incanorations. The seraph of the Old Testament 'that adores and burns' has usually been interpreted as a living flame. Such a being might stand unchilled the intensest cold of inter-stellar space, or live congenially in the centre of a planetary fire-ball not yet shelled with an incrustated surface. We do not believe that all is nonentity outside the reach of our senses. Spirits, with or without their spiritual investments, may find their most glorious homes, and build their most transcendent palaces, on the surface of a half-nebular globe, or amid the slag of a worn-out planet." (p. 179.)

Now we turn back to the beginning of the number, and there is no *dormitatio* about this frontispiece. The veteran sworder has just skewered Hobbes or Hodge to the wall, and looks up with such guileless serenity, as if that C-sharp chuckle of his were not tingling in our ears! Hail to the chief! If that mighty pen should drop, who could pick it up? No man that I know.

Bishop Haven sets forth Wesley's work in revolutionizing modern philosophy. Of course, however, he means unconscious work, for Wesley's influence in the philosophical world was wholly incidental and accidental. Alexander of Macedon revolutionized ancient philosophy, but that hot-headed youth cared not a fig for the categories of Aristotle, though Aristotle was his master; his mind was bent on conquering the world. And so the hot-headed youth of Epworth and Oxford cared not a fig for the categories of Kant, as far, at least, as his writings give proof thereof; his heart was set on conquering the world for Christ. Philosophy is a tender plant that timidly lifts its head after the fires of war have swept the soil, and Wesley lived in the very crash of war.

Dr. Fox's interesting papers on plagiarism suggest some odd experiences, which lead me to believe that some men who seem to lie and steal, simply lack the moral consciousness which is essential to a proper keeping of the commandments. A young lady at an academy once handed me, as her teacher, a "composition," which I immediately recognized as a sentimental effusion which I had received a year or two before from another young lady, at another seminary, and stolen by her also. Accordingly I wrote "Not original" on the margin. But, behold! when my pupil came to "read compositions" again, she opened on her teacher with cutting sarcasms for suspecting her of plagiarism. I was so confounded when she began in this strain, being, moreover, quite a young man, and a single man at that, that I could not utter a word, and the young ladies of the class had a glorious giggle at my expense. Yet this fair sinner made somebody a nice wife notwithstanding, and teaches her children the ten commandments. A student at Middletown was wont to hand me essays and orations that were marvels of perfection in rhetorical finish. Whose work they were I could not imagine, but (to plagiarize a phrase from Dr. Whedon) I knew that it was "chronologically impossible" for that youth to have written them; he had not been on this planet long enough. I long sought in vain for proof to bring the thief home to him, but at last I found in one of his orations a slight allusion to an out-of-the-way author of whom I was confident that he could know nothing. There I set my trap; and when he came after his piece I affected not to understand this obscure allusion—for such stratagems are lawful in warfare with this species. He did not stammer a moment, and spent some time in trying to explain it; but he might as well have tried to talk Sanskrit. At last I said, "Mr. —, if you wrote this oration, I am unworthy to correct your themes." Yet he never blushed nor apologized, and actually delivered the oration, allusion and all, before the college. Afterwards, at graduation, he delivered an oration that no man on the Commencement stage could have written. He had the brass of the Pickwickian Jingle. It is needless to say that that star came to its meridian on Commencement day.

But preachers, at least, ought to keep the eighth commandment. I once sat in the pew when a minister not extraordinary in ability ascended the pulpit and read a text that gave me a great start. It was one of Dr. Bushnell's texts, which would require Dr. Bushnell's genius to make anything of it whatever. But the good man seemed to find no difficulty with it at all, and why should he? Had not one of the first sermonizers of the time made the road before him? There was Bushnell's marvelous spiritual insight, and there was his exquisite finish of style in every period that this clumsy man slobbered upon that audience, as if anybody could pick up such thoughts and such sentences anywhere! At first I looked around, expecting to see every body amazed that such a man could preach such a sermon; but all faces had the solemn solemnity that the preacher was wont to produce by his customary discourses. He saw nothing special in the sermon, nor did they.

The quarterlies are all loaded down with discussions bearing directly or indirectly upon what is called the conflict between science and revelation. Yet the conflict is really between physical and metaphysical science. Theology is not religion, but is a science as much as astronomy, and, as Hamilton says, all the theological problems have also emerged in philosophy. As new discoveries in nature constantly set aside old theories, we do not talk about the conflict between science and nature. The natural philosophy and chemistry, to say nothing of the geology, that men now in middle life studied at school, have been so completely set aside that unless they have had unusual leisure for scientific reading, they cannot understand the phraseology of the school-books of to-day. But the facts of nature are the same to-day as in our childhood; the diversity is between the present and former theories of the facts. The great essential facts of nature were

the same to Thales and Newton, to Aristotle and Agassiz, but as we grow wiser we understand the facts better. As with physical, so with spiritual, nature. The facts are the same eternally, but men's understanding of the facts varies from age to age. It is popularly assumed that this variation is uniformly progressive, but it is by no means so in physics or metaphysics. The very latest discoveries of men like Draper and Lockyer lead us to believe that we have not really understood the physical philosophy of the Greeks and Egyptians. The much-derided four elements of the ancients—earth, water, air and fire—may turn out to be the solid, liquid, gaseous and ethereal elements of Lockyer.

And when we come to facts of religion and their formulation in theological science, the progress is yet more doubtful. Certainly the average New Yorker, or even Bostonian, is not a more godly man than the patriarch Abraham. In childlike faith, in sweet charity, in all the virtues that make home delightful and rob death of its sting, can we do better than to keep near the childhood of the world as it is delineated in the book of Genesis? "But Jacob cheated Esau and Laban," you say. Well, are State Street and Wall Street deacons and class-leaders the men to throw stones at Jacob? And these "liberal Christians," who are too philosophical ever to pray, but only "aspire," can they look down upon the Israel of Jabob and Peniel?

Now the progress that we hear so much about chiefly means that we inherit the knowledge of the past. Our ancestors accumulated intellectual capital which they have bequeathed us in manifold packages, labeled astronomy, botany, conchology, demonology, and so on down through the alphabet to theology and zoology. But it by no means follows that we are richer than our fathers, for the son of a millionaire may be a spendthrift, and knowledge may waste or rust as well as gold. Unless we work, intellectually and morally, we are no better off for the treasures that we have received. A man may be a philosopher, and yet know but few facts, and a man may be a learned fool. Our children know far more facts of geography than Ptolemy, and of astronomy than Pythagoras, more facts of theology than Abraham, but are they therefore wiser than they? Not the facts in our possession, but our use of the facts, trains the muscles of the soul. We have received ten talents from the centuries behind us, but a one-talent Hottentot may be a wiser, a better, and a happier man.

THE DIVINE FOREKNOWLEDGE.

BY PROF. BORDEN P. BOWNE.

Dr. McCabe's position is briefly this: Freedom and foreknowledge are incompatible. But there is freedom. Hence, a foreknowledge of free acts is impossible. In the major premise he agrees with all fatalistic philosophers and theologians; but holding a different minor, he comes to a different conclusion. But before advancing to any exposition of the doctrine, we devote a word of criticism to a mistake which is common in discussions of this subject.

The question is, How is foreknowledge of a free act possible? Now as no religious thinker denies the reality of freedom, we must not, in answering this question, destroy the data of the problem. This is the outcome of all those explanations which account for foreknowledge by assuming some secret compulsion of motive or circumstance. They do not explain foreknowledge of a free act, but only of a necessary one. They solve the problem by substituting another for it, and leave the true problem unsolved. Now so long as knowledge means anything intelligible, it is determined by its object, and not conversely. To mistake knowledge for foreordination is once more to change the problem, not to solve it. Hence whenever any religious thinker offers predetermination as an explanation of foreknowledge, we point out that he is not solving the problem, but canceling it. It seems to us that Dr. McCabe has fallen into the same confusion. He gives us a great deal of edifying and just remark upon the paralyzing influence of fatalism; but it is totally irrelevant to the matter in hand, unless we include it under the "cognitive themes." If foreknowledge be really incompatible with freedom, by all means let it be shown; but this cannot be done by first assuming the incompatibility, and then dwelling upon the evil influence of fatalism. If the object determines knowledge, and if the knowledge of a thing leaves it as it is, then the foreknowledge of a free act, supposing it possible, would in no way cancel its freedom. If it did, there would be no foreknowledge of a free act, but of something else.

Through overlooking this fact, Dr. McCabe has not made the strongest presentation of his own case. Still the work is so evidently the product of conviction, that it deserves respectful consideration. And as the doctrine itself is so likely to be judged by prejudice rather than by reason, we make an independent exposition in order to have the question better understood.

FOREKNOWLEDGE.

If we adopt the current view of time, according to which the past is past and the future is future, for God as well as for man, proper foreknowledge of a truly free act seems to be a contradiction. The first difficulty in such foreknowledge is this: By its definition, a free act is an absolute beginning, and as such it is not represented by any factors previous to its occurrence. We trace it to a specific volition, and beyond that it has neither existence nor representation. But knowledge of a future event always supposes present grounds of knowing; and in the case of a future free act there are no such grounds. When we admit pre-existing factors which condition the act, we deny its freedom. We do not escape this conclusion by referring to our own limited power of foretelling what men will do, and drawing the conclusion that such power must be infinitely greater on the part of God. For, in the first place, a true act of free will is a rare occurrence in our daily life; and, in the second place, we have no proper certainty in the case. If we could be sure that one will always determine himself in accordance with what is right, it would be easy to foreknow. Such seems the case with saints in heaven. They have finally chosen the right for the standard of action; and their action might be viewed as predictable. But when this certainty is lacking, a varying probability is all that is possible. To insist on certainty is to take refuge in philosophical determinism, and change the problem. Hence, foreknowledge of a free act supposes a knowledge without grounds of knowing; and this seems to border on the absurd. Absolute knowledge of future events which are represented by existing necessary factors, offers no difficulties; but as between two free volitions, one of which will be realized and the other not, there is no ground for knowing that one will be realized rather than the other. It does not help our conception to say that while our knowledge of future events is conditioned by existing grounds, the divine knowledge may be of another kind; for this is only a roundabout way of saying that we cannot conceive foreknowledge of freedom. Of still less avail is it to say that with God the future is present. On the current theory of time, the future is not present; and hence, a knowledge which makes it present, is an hallucination. At this stage of the argument a choice is possible. The believer in foreknowledge may say, I cannot comprehend it, but I believe in it. The denier may say, I cannot comprehend it, and I do not believe in it. But he must not identify foreknowledge with foreordination in order to make out his case. On the other hand, he must not be blamed for deciding to believe something which finds no support in our reason and experience. If nothing more could be offered, the result would be a drawn battle.

A CURRENT PREJUDICE.

But before mentioning the greatest difficulty in the notion of foreknowledge, a word must be said about a current prejudice on this and similar subjects. If the denial of divine foreknowledge is often supported by a false alarm of fatalism, its affirmation is equally often based upon sheer thoughtlessness and imaginary reverence. A pestilential habit of etymologizing, instead of philosophizing, has always been a fruitful source of philosophical error. Such words as infinite, unconditioned, omnipotent, omniscient, and unchangeable, have been made to furnish any desired opinion by torturing their etymological genesis and content. By such fumbling with the infinite, God has been made the author of evil, and creation has been denied. In the same way His omnipotence has been swelled out into a power to do the possible and the impossible, the consistent and the absurd, with equal ease. In like manner, His unchangeability has been made to mean a rigid, staring fate, instead of the inner consistency and constancy of the divine character and purposes. And whenever philosophy pointed out the hopeless absurdity of such a view, thoughtlessness fell back on the etymology of the words, and the imaginary demands of reverence. The objection to limiting the divine omniscience is based largely on the same fact. Without stopping to ask whether the alleged omniscience is not essentially absurd and contradictory, the etymology of the word is appealed to; and this, with the aid of habit, is made to serve for argument. Our conception of omniscience

is formed as follows: Our own knowledge we find to be limited, embracing only a small part, and a limited aspect, of reality. The perfect, however, is a category of thought; and thus we are led to form the conception of a knowledge which embraces all reality, and all its aspects and possibilities. It grasps all that is, all that is necessarily implied in all that is, and all that can possibly flow from all that is. To such a knowledge we give the name of omniscience. Such a knowledge will grasp all the possibilities of the free creature. All possible acts and their consequences will be known as possible from the beginning; but they cannot be known as certain, because, by definition, they are contingent. They cannot be known as real until they become real. Up to that moment they remain possibilities in fact and cannot be otherwise in knowledge. This seems a limitation only because we are in the habit of reasoning with our prejudices rather than with our reason. It will be urged that in this case God's knowledge is a growing, changing one; but this objection, again, rests on a bondage to words rather than meanings, to prejudices rather than thoughts. In any case, if time and change are facts, the divine knowledge must be a changing one. The past, God must know as past, the future as future, and as the future is ever becoming past, there must be an incessant change in the divine knowledge. Moreover, as the universe is forever passing from state to state, there must be a corresponding change in the divine knowledge, if it is to grasp things as they are.

We attempt to escape by saying that God's purpose is from everlasting, and He knows things through His eternal thought of them. But we fall to help the matter; for such a view would leave only a knowledge of the end, and would deny a knowledge of the changing process whereby the thought is realized. The free, also, if foreknown, must be known as free and contingent; but when the act enters, it is no longer contingent, but a fact which, having once been, can never escape into non-existence. Here, also, a change must occur in the divine knowledge if it is to keep pace with the fact. Now the denial of a foreknowledge of free acts says little more than that. We may regard the possibilities of the created will to lie forever open to the divine knowledge. This is a closed realm secure from all enlargement and surprise. Nothing happens which God did not foresee as possible. But within this realm of the possible there is a constant passage from the possible to the actual. This passage is effected by the free-will of the creature. Now if freedom be a fact, the merely possible is only possible, and must be known as such. To speak of a certain knowledge of the uncertain is to make the end of the sentence devour the beginning. Hence a free act, because of its essential nature as contingent, is no subject for proper knowledge as certain before it becomes real. Until then, it remains a possibility only, and must be known as such, if the knowledge is to be true to the fact. The possible, therefore, cannot become the certain in the divine mind until the free will has transferred it from the realm of the possible to the realm of fact. Apart from this view, the doctrine of divine guidance in the affairs of men is without meaning. The difficulty with foreknowledge of free acts, is, therefore, not that it destroys freedom, but that the notion is essentially absurd and contradictory. An uncritical conception of the divine unchangeability has greatly misled theologians at this point; and they have failed to see that a changeless knowledge of a changing thing is a contradiction in the adjective.

IS THE WORLD THEN ADrift?

At this point it is common for believers in foreknowledge to break out with sundry remarks about the world's being adrift; and God himself is said to be unable to tell what the end will be. The system is described as plunging blindly on towards no one knows what future; but the probability is that some awful, unforeseen catastrophe will suddenly burst forth from the depths of freedom to the great dismay and astonishment of both God and man. Under the influence of this frightful imagination, one distinguished reviewer declares that he had rather believe that God is the author of all evil and sin. Tastes differ. For ourselves we prefer a God whose knowledge is true to fact, and who, therefore, knows the possible only as possible to an absurdly omniscient devil. In truth, this objection, so far as it is anything but cant, rests on confusing the abstract notion of freedom with the real freedom which we possess. If the creature's freedom were utter arbitrariness backed by infinite power, the objection would be relevant; as it is, it is only a home-made goblin. The limits of our freedom are very narrow at best. Even the order of our thoughts is largely beyond our control. The existence and order of our feelings is still more independent. The laws of our own nature and of exter-

nal nature are quite independent. The field for choice is small, and our choice consists almost entirely in deciding to do or not to do. The result is, that the great outlines of life and history are drawn by a power which we cannot control. We can originate no new and unforeseen possibilities. The law of our nature cannot be escaped. Rebellion is possible, but defeat is sure. The universe is going our way and will help us along if we choose; but he who will not be led shall certainly be dragged. Thus on every side our freedom is hemmed in by massive necessities which we cannot escape. It is, then, sheer cant or thoughtlessness, to claim that to limit foreknowledge is to endanger the universe. To increase the opprobrium, the claim that God foreknows the possible only as possible, is made to mean that God has no foreknowledge of any kind. This is knavery.

Yet, after all, we do not agree with Dr. McCabe. The question exists only through the assumption that time is real; and on that assumption we do not hesitate to call the doctrine of foreknowledge untenable as applied to freedom. We cannot, however, allow the assumption. Time we regard as having only an ideal existence; it is our mode of conceiving that which is essentially non-temporal. Of this view, the Doctor shows no sign of proper comprehension. He confounds it with the "eternal now," and dismisses it with a word. We are well aware that our view seems hopelessly absurd to what styles itself common sense; but that is a matter of little moment. It is very clear to common sense that the earth is flat, that the sun shines and goes around the earth, that light and sound exist apart from eye and ear. When, then, common sense attempts to settle in an off-hand way the deepest problems of speculation, it makes a fool of itself. But we have no purpose of expounding our view. It cannot be done in a newspaper article; nor can it well be discussed by itself. It is the final outcome of principles which must themselves be settled before this question can be taken up. We take pleasure, however, in defending the doctrine we have been expounding from the current prejudices which are too often mistaken for arguments. And notwithstanding our dissent from Dr. McCabe, we are glad that he has published his work, and we commend it as a candid and interesting discussion of a difficult subject from a peculiar standpoint.

Boston University.

OUR YOUNGEST.

MR. EDITOR: You published a painfully interesting letter from North Carolina recently in your columns, telling us of the circumstances attending the unexpected addition to the number of our Conferences and the manner in which "Methodism's youngest" has made its appearance among us. Many a sigh, we trust, has been heaved at this new triumph of policy over principle, as many a sneer, we know, has attended this retreat from a position once taken by our Church with so much confidence and satisfaction; but still it is clear that a separation on the color line was not the result of prejudice on the part of those who promoted it, but of a deep and sorrowful conviction that it was useful in order that the work should progress. And as "the little stranger" has made its advent among us, something may properly be said about it in the Herald, if only to attract sympathy for its weakness and excite compassion for its feebleness.

Bishop Peck presided at its christening, and with appropriate solemnity announced its name to be the "Southern Central"; and so henceforth it is to be known. Its size is rather diminutive in one way, though not so in another; for what it lacks in numbers, it makes up in territory. It covers an area which from end to end will probably measure not less than five hundred miles, but of charges it has only sixteen, and of ministers twelve, including two Presiding Elders—W. G. Matton and E. J. Bird, the latter of whom takes a station as well as a district. Its total membership is about 2,500, and these, be it remembered, are all colorless—poor whites many of them, but still white. Indeed, the glory of the Southern Central is, that however it may increase and from whatsoever state it may acquire additions, it is to be open only to "white sinners" and not to those of African descent.

At the Conference which witnessed this new departure, however, fraternity shared a better fate than equality. Visitors from the Church South—three veritable doctors of divinity—were present and made speeches in due form. Our Bishop and Dr. Fuller filled their pulpits on the Sabbath and their homes were freely open to our brethren, the only condition, of course, being that they were white.

This step forward would be well enough but for the simultaneous step backward; but so it is, that to grasp a Southern hand in friendship, means that you drop that of your negro brother. May not even fraternity be bought too dearly? If it costs honor, it certainly

will not pay. That we move on everywhere is, of course, to be desired; but we must take care to move upward at the same time.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

MR. EDITOR: After a number of delays, we reached Houston, Jan. 12th, and were greeted by brethren who had been at the depot on the arrival of every train from the north and east for two days; and if they were half as glad to see us as we were to see them, then indeed for once there was a great amount of joy in and around the depot. As soon as possible we entered upon our work, and while there is a great contrast between Texas and New Hampshire, if a person has a desire to do for God and is willing to go not only to those who need help, but to those who need it most, then Texas is the most desirable place. My work takes me to the Brazos, the place where Dr. Eggleston's missionary saw nothing but wolves, catamounts, panthers, alligators and rattlesnakes. In this world, whether in New England or Texas, men will find as slow a creeping stream, but the Brazos valley is one of enchanting beauty and unsurpassed fertility. I find in this beautiful valley men and women; true, they have been cursed and crushed, as slavery cursed and crushed all that it ever touched; but they are coming up. Some of them have a few acres of land; others who rent lands have their teams, cows and hogs; and it is also true that others have nothing but whiskey with all its woes. All of these are the wards of the Church and nation.

Thus far I enjoy my work, and have been constantly thankful to my Heavenly Father that my attention was ever turned to Texas. There are privations, and there are joys. When away from home I stay with the people with whom and for whom I work. Their homes are not what New England people would call elegant. When out upon the Brazos I stayed in a house 11x14 feet, and there were only eleven of us in that house. I had a good clean bed by myself; the other ten had three beds to themselves. In the evening I could hear the barking of the Texas wolf, and in the morning the howling of the alligator. On a clear, warm and sunny morning the alligator crawls out upon a log and bellows for what no man in Texas can tell; and yet when he bellows the oldest colored man in the Brazos valley trembles.

The Herald comes to my home, and I forget that I am so far away from old and tried friends. It was never better than now.

L. P. CUSHMAN.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN BALTIMORE.

For the purpose of raising funds in aid of Christian and benevolent causes, and for the promotion of social enjoyment, one year ago numerous and varied entertainments were resorted to by the Churches in this city, such as parlor entertainments, concerts, fairs, and the like. In order to draw full attendance and insure success, certain notable, as President and Mrs. Hayes and Postmaster General Keyes were sometimes invited. All this had the approval of the wisest and best minds of the Churches.

The current season, however, presents these same Churches in a somewhat changed aspect. Mr. Needham from England, Capt. Dutton of the steamer Sardinian, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Moody have been, or now are, calling the Christian communities in this city to more direct evangelical labor, and with excellent results.

Mr. Needham labored with our Episcopal brethren in the earlier part of the winter. Capt. Dutton assists the pastor of Mount Vernon M. E. Church when in port. His crew, consisting of more than one hundred men, are all professing Christians. He is a man of ability and commanding influence. Other Churches would be glad to have the benefit of his valuable services, but somehow before arriving in port he is committed to the Mount Vernon people. For seventeen weeks prior to Feb. 15th, Mr. Harrison labored with the Madison Square Church, during which time more than seven hundred professed faith in Christ! Brother Baker, the present pastor, of New England origin, will leave this charge in a most prosperous condition, having had an accession of several hundred to its numbers; and it now has a working force which may render this Church a power for good to the community in its vicinity.

Mr. Moody's plan of operations differs somewhat from that of former years in other places. He divides the city into four sections, devoting one month's labor to each section, and selecting the largest houses of the several denominations in which to accommodate his crowded assemblies. He is said to be better pleased with this method of reaching the whole people than with the Tabernacle plan; and he regards the results as more satisfactory. When he goes from one section to another, he leaves behind him the pastors of that section to care for the interests already secured and carry forward the work. Mr. M. retains his marvelous power to move the masses. Besides his day labor, he preaches three sermons in as many houses to different congregations each evening. He is now at work in the third and southerly section of the city. Not till the final judgment will the world be able to estimate the full measure of good wrought through this wonderful man.

Miscellaneous.

MISSIONARIES PROTECTING A SYRIAN CITY.

BY REV. E. S. OTHEMAN.

A letter of Jan. 23, received from Mr. Christie, a missionary of the American Board at Marash, in the northern part of Syria, and published in the *Boston Journal*, discloses the great influence and remarkable energy of our American missionaries, as lately exerted in the protection of the city, or town, of Zeitoun from the vengeance of the Turkish government. This town, which contains a population of perhaps 15,000, nearly all Armenians, is situated in the Taurus mountains, about thirty-five miles north of Marash, being built against the side of a vast rock, where the houses hang one above another, so that the eastern roof of the one above is the front yard of the one below. It is noted for the turbulent character of its population, they having been subdued by the Turkish government only in 1862; while the missionaries began preaching there a few years later, at great peril to their lives. There is now a registered Protestant population of 120, a larger number than this being found often at the preaching service. The Church membership is nearly 50, and great hope is entertained of future success.

A rebellion broke out here last summer, and in the troubles which followed, Mr. Henderson, the English consul at Aleppo, interfered to prevent cruelty to the prisoners. A forcible release of the prisoners awakened the anger of the government, and Mr. Henderson ascertained that the Vali at Aleppo had 1,000 troops under orders to march upon Zeitoun and inflict punishment upon the inhabitants, in which scenes of horror, such as were enacted at Batak and Eski Zaghra, might be anticipated. The Consul telegraphed at once to Mr. Marden, a missionary of the Board at Marash, desiring that he should hasten to Zeitoun and strive to effect an arrangement with the people on which he could report favorably to the Vali. Mr. Marden went thither without delay, got satisfactory assurances from the whole community of Zeitoun, but on returning to Marash, was not allowed to send on his report by telegraph. The troops had already arrived near Marash. Mr. Marden agreed to remain, and still strive to get his report through, while Mr. Christie, with one companion, resolved to push on with all speed to Aleppo, that they might plead with the Vali in person.

"We did start on that Sunday night," says he, "lost our way in the thick darkness and among the rocks, lay down under a bush in the rain until morning, and even then could not tell exactly where we were, so that it was evening before we arrived in Aintab. Taking horses from the missionaries there and a man to show us the way, we set out the same night for Killis; but a thick fog, utterly obscuring the road, came upon us, and we were obliged to go back to Aintab, where we got a much-needed night's rest. Starting in the morning (Tuesday), we pushed on to Killis, 36 miles, through heavy rain, and over the worst roads. I think I ever have seen, arriving at dark. Taking fresh animals—mules—and a man with a lantern, we kept right on all night, stopping only to feed the mules at 9 o'clock in the morning, when I got twenty minutes of sleep. Before noon yesterday (Wednesday) we were at Aleppo, 72 miles from Aintab, 126 from Marash. Mr. Henderson was overjoyed to see me and to get the papers sent by Mr. Marden. We at once called on the Vali. The result is that Mr. Marden is heartily thanked by the Vali for all his labor of love in preventing bloodshed and expense; the plan he recommended is adopted; the troops will not go to Zeitoun; and the Governor of Marash, the *Kaimakan* of Zeitoun, and the telegraph operator, are all dismissed, the two former being called to Aleppo to give an account of their conduct."

Here is one instance, parallel with many others, in which the American missionaries in Turkey have exerted a marked political influence, and in favor of a milder and better government. They co-operate heartily with the designs of the English protectorate in this direction. Their influence has been acquired by the earnest and faithful way in which they have conducted their missionary labors. The region in which this late incident has occurred is embraced within the limits of the so-called Central Turkey Mission. The term signifies the central portion of the work in Eastern Turkey. There are two stations—Aintab and Marash—constituting residences for the missionaries, and central posts of organization for the work; but the successful system of native pastorates covers some thirty out-stations. Antioch, Aleppo, Corfa (the Ur of the Chaldees) and Tarsus are embraced in the number. The whole Church membership is 2,606, with 9,000 registered Protestants. The Central Turkey College, lately founded at Aintab, after the model of Robert College on the Bosphorus, the Theological Seminary at Marash, the Female Seminary there and that at Aintab, are promising and doing a great educational work, in which they are co-operating with other centres of instruction scattered throughout Asia Minor.

The work of education, and of that inspiration to personal religious activity, among the women of this country, possess remarkable interest. No one is more distinguished or indefatigable in her work than Mrs. Coffing, whose husband suffered martyrdom.

In the summer of 1861 Mr. Coffing, with his family, left Aintab to seek a residence and labor, during the heated season, at Hadjin, on the mountains. As they went forth nearly the whole Protestant population, about 4,500, stood on both sides of the road to bid them farewell, and as they passed, sang—

"How sweet the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;"

and also an original hymn. More than a hundred persons accompanied them during that afternoon, returning the next day. The fanaticism of the Moslem governor and of the Armenian priests, however, drove Mr. Coffing from his new home. Six months later he proposed to attend an annual meeting of the mission at Aleppo, going by the way of Alexandretta. For the dangerous road around the head of the gulf, he took a guard of three soldiers; but finally dismissed two of them, going on with the other, two muleteers and an Armenian servant. When three miles from Alexandretta he was fired upon by two men concealed in a thicket near the road. Two balls struck his left arm above the elbow, shattering the bone and severing an artery, and one entered the body. He rode on two miles, and then from loss of blood sank down upon the beach, not far from Alexandretta, to which place an attendant hastened for aid. This was promptly rendered by Mr. Levi, the American Vice-Consul, Arthur Roby, esq., the English Vice-Consul, and others, and the fainting missionary was taken to the house of Mr. Levi, where he died the next morning, March 26, 1862. The above account is taken from Dr. Anderson's History of the Oriental Missions. Mr. Coffing's faithful wife remained in Turkey to carry out with persevering zeal the work which her husband had so earnestly begun.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

DEAR HERALD: From an atmosphere the purest and serene, skies the clearest and bluest, days the most brilliant and nights most fair, I turn in my thoughts to your raw winds, sombre skies, dim days, and dark nights, with the utmost of commiseration. There! I was moved to write the above by the sympathy which is wasted on me by those who write me from New England, who seem to think of my chosen home as the Irishman did of Port Henry, N. Y.: "Seven thousand miles from auld Ireland, and two hundred from any place." I know we are nearly four hundred miles from Chicago, but, conversely, Chicago is nearly four hundred miles from us, and some of the pity should be saved for that city; and, besides, we are so much nearer Duluth, and Duluth is—well, Proctor Knott has told you what it is—or was. Even now a letter lies before me from a distinguished layman of the New England Conference (who ought to be right if he isn't) who talks about the winter nights of the north pole as applying to this region. Verily he must be made delegate to another General Conference and let that be held in St. Paul, and see if I do not convince him that this is nearer the centre of things than he supposes. I presume it would not surprise some of you to be told that I shoot buffalo from my church steps, and that St. Anthony Hill was the last roost of Sitting Bull and his shivering comrades. But, think of it, you who have been occupied this winter with digging yourselves out from snow-banks and half-imperished by fires for not keeping your sidewalks clean, we have not had an aggregate of ten inches' snow fall this winter, and in nearly three months there has been only one day on which I have not seen the sunshine. If I pardon the ignorance of my Eastern friends, as I was once as blind as they, I am wiser now.

I found here within a square of ten miles a population of very nearly 100,000 souls; two thriving cities with eighty-six churches; two universities and schools—primary, graded and high—equal to any anywhere; and a local pride equal to Boston. These two cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—have the same local jealousy that two pretty well-matched cities, located in such proximity to each other, are likely to have. And these interests are, of all, mutual. Minneapolis is the manufacturing city, and St. Paul is the commercial city of the Northwest, and will continue to be such for years to come. But let me speak a little more at length of

ST. PAUL.

This city of about 45,000 inhabitants, the capital of the State and also of Ramsey County, has a most charming location. Situated principally on the left bank of the Mississippi (our ward is on the right), it occupies a series of terraces and bluffs, and so, of course, is irregular, but not the less picturesque. It is now about forty years old, but has nothing of the crude and unsettled appearance of most youthful cities. The public buildings and stores are almost all of stone, or brick, and are very creditable architecturally. The Capitol, a huge brick structure, has no great beauty to commend it, but answers the purpose very well. Its removal has been agitated, and a location has been suggested as eligible between this city and Minneapolis, which, it is hoped, may bring it in the vicinity of Hamline University, the first building of which is now rapidly approaching completion. This institution of our Church has a very flattering prospect. Originally located at Red Wing in this State, and named in memory of Bishop Hamline who gave \$25,000 toward its endowment, it had

a good record and made some grand contributions to the cause of Methodism in its graduates, many of whom are now in its ministry, or doing good work in its laity throughout the State. Its removal was at length determined upon, and the present site—about two miles from the city—fixed upon. Its finances are being efficiently looked after by Rev. John Stafford, an alumnus of the University, and the building fund is being rapidly increased, a good send-off having been given it by the Conference at its last session, when the ministers gave \$4,000 of the \$20,000 needed.

Methodism in St. Paul has hardly kept pace with the progress of the city. Roman Catholicism, here as elsewhere, has pre-empted the finest sites, built the finest churches, and here, as not elsewhere, includes in its membership some of the foremost citizens. Presbyterianism, also, is well entrenched. Congregationalism has one active Church, whose pastor is Rev. M. G. Dana, D. D., formerly of New England. The Baptists have one church—an elegant edifice—but heavily encumbered with debt. Methodism has seven churches—four English, two German (one of them said to have the wealthiest congregation of any in the city), and one Norwegian. The First Church has a very elegant edifice, and though the membership is small, still the Church holds a social position in the community which is an honor to the Methodism of the State. It has given to each of the last two General Conferences a lay delegate—to the first, the late Hon. John Nichols, who in his lifetime sometimes playfully, though not inappropriately, styled "the lay bishop of the Methodist Church." He was a good representative of that grand type of Methodist still found on the eastern shore of Maryland, from which region he came to St. Paul when the city was little more than a hamlet. He was thus identified with its entire history as a city, and to his broad and intelligent views, as well as public spirit and open-handed benevolence, many of the institutions of the Church and State owe their very existence. He is dead, but lives in a cherished memory, and in institutions which he helped to found, and which his living gifts and dying bequests still help to maintain; and, most of all, in his family, who, cultivated and consecrated, are staunch in their devotion to, and support of, the Church he loved. The second delegate was A. J. Goodrich, who is still an active and valuable member of the Church. So much for the past; but the timber isn't all used up by any means, as, if required, we can give others who would do no discredit to the body; such, for instance, as J. Ross Nichols, son of the above, who was educated at Andover, Mass.; Judge Brill, of the second district Superior Court; Attorney General Wilson, and numbers of others.

Jackson Street Church is the largest, numerically, of our denomination, and has an eligible position, and a commodious, though otherwise not very creditable, house of worship. It includes in its membership many New Englanders, and some not unknown to many of your readers. Brother Quimby, formerly of Springfield, is one of its most influential members, and Brother Strong, another of its officials, was, once, I believe, a member of the Wesleyan Association, and occupied the position now so ably filled by Brother Magee.

Grace Church, located in what is known as "Brunson's Addition," and the Clinton Avenue Church, in West St. Paul, are young but active and growing societies.

There is no reason why our Church should not go to the front, if our people would only plan broadly and execute boldly, and stop speaking of their Church in a half depreciatory way which makes other people despise it. Just give Methodism a chance, preach its doctrines plainly and uncompromisingly, maintain its distinctive peculiarities boldly and unflinchingly, hold up its polity and its history so that the people can see it, and it will commend itself to the world, if further it is reinforced by consistent, devoted lives, which demonstrate that it is still "Christianity in earnest." At least give it a trial. Our Church is the strongest denomination in the State, and hence is in some danger of being used as a political machine, which ought never to be allowed. The chaplains and other offices come a little too easily to our people. Both of the chaplains of the present Legislature are filled by Methodists, and at least one has been so filled for years. In the scramble for power our people should take for their motto, *Festina lente*; at least, so thinks

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 17.

Correspondence.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield, as a city, is in many respects unique—the finest gem of the Connecticut Valley. Her churches show the taste, enterprise and piety of her people. During the war the United States army was crowded with intelligent, well-paid officers. Money flowed in from this source, and gave this city more than her share of the prosperity of those prosperous times. But when the war ceased, a corresponding reaction followed. In these dark days Methodism created four noble churches. Before long these Churches were found groaning under the immense debts which they had contracted. Two of them got the lead off with comparative ease, but the two last cited have been called to face a frowning world and sail through stormy seas. These enormous obligations were every day augmenting, while the means for their liquidation were all the time diminishing. The outlook was gloomy enough, but

the faith and courage of the members of these Churches are proving equal to the emergency. They began saying to this great mountain of debt, "Depart hence; remove to yonder place;" and lo! it began to roll away, and they hope, ere long, to see it submerged in the sea of non-existence. Already there is talk of a great gathering, in the City Hall, ere the close of the present Conference, to celebrate the deliverance of Methodism from the grim grip of bonds and mortgages.

Rev. J. O. Knowles, the plucky pastor of Grace Church, was the first to lead his people up to grapple with a debt of \$34,000, upon their beautiful house of worship. This Church is the youngest of the four, and numbers but few members in her membership, nevertheless they set to work with an indomitable desperation that knows no defeat, but always snatches victory from the clutches of despair. Brother Knowles' downright cheek and persistence have compelled an expression, at least of aid and sympathy from the Church Extension Society, and since then he has secured and secured a \$20,000 subscription from the laity, and the remainder will soon be obtained. Such heroism and liberality are beyond all praise. Grace Church is going to prosper. Grace Church will be renowned in history for liberality to the cause of God.

State Street Church for a long time could seem to do nothing but sit and look at her enormous debt of almost \$50,000, expecting soon to hear the footsteps of the sheriff coming to close her doors, or the sound of the auctioneer's hammer knocking down her spacious sanctuary to the highest bidder; but instead of either of these fancies putting in an appearance, an official with a far more agreeable commission paid them a visit; and to the astonishment of every one in the congregation, on Sabbath, Feb. 9th, Mr. Edward Kimball, the famous apostle of Church finance, came upon the platform and told them that the hour to pay off their entire indebtedness had come; and before the time to close the morning service more than \$20,000 was subscribed. At the evening service about seven thousand more were added. This has thought pretty good for a Sabbath. Mr. Kimball promised to come on the following Sabbath and see what more could be accomplished. The next Sabbath brought a subscription of about \$5,000, leaving a balance of \$15,000 still unpaid for. This they are planning to pay, and a strong conviction prevails all through the community that their success is assured. Behind Mr. Kimball stands the long-haired, self-sufficient man who co-operate with him, is the calm, far-seeing intelligence of Dr. Dorchester, the pastor of the Church, who planned the whole movement before a single effort was put forth. For an ex-President Elder he is doing a noble work. Long may he prove himself worthy of his promotion to the pastorate, which, as our popular book, "That Boy," who will have the most honorable and the most to be desired of any position in the Church.

We have in Springfield a weekly Preachers' Meeting, which convenes every Monday morning in one of the vestries of Trinity Church, and has a regular attendance of as many members as, twenty-five years ago, could be found in the city of Boston. Some of us who expect, after Conference, to be sent off to Boston and other foreign parts, are already mourning for the loss we must endure, and wishing, in our hearts, we could take along with us, to our new appointments, the Springfield Preachers' Meeting. This year we have had quite an acquisition to our meeting from Chicago, in the person of "That Boy," or, more correctly, the author of that interesting and popular book, "That Boy," who will have him?"—Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M., formerly pastor of Clark Avenue M. E. Church, Chicago, and more widely known as the author of two fine volumes: "D. L. Moody and His Work," and "The Temperance Reform and its great Reformers." This esteemed brother is now a resident of Chicago, and is known by many as the junior member of that charge. Circumstances have, for the present, compelled him to leave the active ministry; he says he is trying to be a layman, but he will never be anything but a Methodist minister until he is evolved into an archangel. Even then we doubt if it be possible to get all the qualities of a Methodist preacher rubbed off of him. His last year, on heart, exuberant imagination, and his somewhat unique genius, make him quite an important member of our weekly meeting. He is now engaged in writing for our Book Concern "A Popular Illustrated History of Methodism," which he has almost ready for the press.

What gives us most anxiety, just now, is the fact that the founder of our meeting and grand scheme of Methodism in these parts, is before long to be taken from our midst. It is conjectured that he may be translated to Boston. But a few nights ago, in a large gathering of representative Methodists, we heard the Doctor declare that the great work of the Methodist Church was preaching; for himself he wanted a chance to preach three times every Sabbath. Our Presiding Elder, who was present, promptly informed him that he had several stations on the hills where they wanted exactly that kind of service, and he would willingly place one of them at his disposal. So Boston must not be over-confident; she cannot have all the good things in the Church placed at her command.

Another new departure in the Methodism of this locality is the formation of a Social Union. The need of such an organization has long been felt by both preachers and people. The financial difficulties of each Church required a concentration of effort upon their individual affairs; so, unconsciously, they seemed to drift apart and become forgetful of the fact that the great strength of Methodism lies in its congregational principle, and that they were really losing power and efficiency by this segregation, a similar method of the official members of their sympathetic and interests. To bring about a better state of things, a meeting of the several Quarterly Conferences of each Church in the city was called. They met for the first time in Grace Church, and enjoyed the supper and the good time so much that they resolved to have another; and so, in accordance with this determination, a similar meeting of the official members of these several Churches assembled in the spacious vestry of Trinity Church. Of course the wives of these good brethren were present; a social union without the presence of the ladies would be as unusual as a family to a tip-over as a ride upon a bicycle. The entertainment of last Wednesday evening was in every respect a most pleasant affair. The speeches were all by laymen and replete with the power and piety of old-fashioned Methodism. A committee was appointed to give form and secure permanency to the organization. Every one seemed to catch a new inspiration; every heart throbbed with new emotions of love and loyalty to God and his cause, and with clasped hands and beaming eyes seemed to say to each other, as they parted, "Methodism and union, one and inseparable, now and forever." We suppose the good pastor of Trinity Church will

now feel satisfied. He has long and fervently prayed for a revival of religion and a revival of Methodism. He has seen both, and is doubtless now ready to lift up his voice and say, "Nunc dimittis."

Professor Cunnock, of the Northwestern University, amongst eloquentists in the star of the first magnitude. On his return from Madison, N. J., where he had been called to give some special training to the students of Drew Theological School, he visited his brother, James W. Cunnock, esq., agent of the Dwight Mills in Chicago, and consented to give a few readings in the western part of the State. He delighted his audiences, won their admiration, and gathered fresh laurels on every occasion. We heard a gentleman declare himself at one time a professor of rhetoric that "he is the finest reader in the nation." Besides this, the Professor has made some handsome profits for the societies who have employed him. He gave two entertainments in Ware, and added a net gain of \$70 to the treasury of the M. E. Church. He is as devout as a Christian, as he is eminent as an eloquentist. He came into one of our prayer-meetings, a few Sabbaths ago, and talked and prayed like a young convert. At the request of the pastor he read a little poem on the hymn, "Rock of Ages." The reading required but a few minutes, but at the close the congregation sat hushed, charmed and grateful. By the way, let me say here in closing, that I have read of this exquisite poem in the mouth of a teacher in the High School in the city of Worcester—Mr. Edward Rice, son of Dr. William Rice of our Conference. We cannot help wishing that he may live long to enrich and bless the world by many productions of similar merit.

E. STUART BEST.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The principal event of interest here on Washington's birthday was the sealing up of the centennial seal, not to be opened for a hundred years to come. The attempted transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department is believed by many to have been the result of the results in order to secure control of the Indian through the army officers.

The success of Bishop Simpson and the Foundry brethren in raising \$15,000 for their indebtedness has been profoundly gratifying to the friends of the Church. The remaining \$5,000 is sure to follow. A live President in the congregation is no small thing in an emergency of this kind. The past year has been one of great financial trial, but if the country is not further afflicted by an extra session of Congress, there are some hopes of increased prosperity. The object, so far as apparent on the part of the Democrats, in de-lin-ing an extra session, is to secure the officers of the Senate; otherwise Republicans will retain their seats, and will be constantly increasing prospects of re-electing them, and that of the House is also following. Many staunch Republicans believe that in a partisan point of view it will be better to let the Democrats have their way and hold an extra session, for the reason that the Southern members will bring forth their real purposes, which in the case of the House will be to repeal the Reconstruction laws. I deprecate an extra session. It will be fraught with evil to the country.

Rev. Henry Naylor, D. D., has been working hard at the Metropolitan Church. The President has selected Naylor as his place of worship before the Doctor's conversion to the charge, and his train of official followers and eight-seers had dropped out of the pews, and the demoralization of a "congregation of strangers," as a former pastor once characterized our Church, was more than apparent. The Church proper, however, remained, and on the centennial of the frequent announcements through the public press that the Metropolitan Church debt was "provided for," he found the trustees burdened with a "bonded debt" of \$31,000, and a "floating debt" (which in plain English, as I understand it in this case, means unpaid interest) of \$7,000 additional, which the trustees had notified the Bishops that they had not contracted and would not pay. Brother Naylor, however, with his wife seriously and dangerously ill, went to work in all humility, and, at the close of the year he reports \$4,200 paid on the floating debt, with an arrangement completed with the Bishops and board of trustees by which the remainder of the \$7,000 unpaid interest shall be liquidated.

In addition to this he reports the reception of \$3,000 for the Church—\$200 on probation and \$2,800 by letter—and twenty conversions. He has sought to promote better attendance on the class and prayer-meetings, and has visited and prayed with the members of the congregation and has not been unmindful of the poor. He is a preacher of superior abilities, and is withal a manly sort of man. He is said to minister to the largest Protestant congregation in this city. Some arrangement ought to be made by which to pay of the Church debt, and the church should be made a free church (as was originally intended) in which all the services should conform to the disciplinary laws of the denomination. If the seats were free, with our splendid church furnishings, excellent preaching, and fine singing, the house would be filled to overflowing. With the exception of perhaps a half dozen Churches, it is a great mistake to suppose that the people do not attend the worship of God at the evening services. Many of our Churches are better attended at night (as we Southerners say) than in the day-time. We are under many obligations to the Bishops for material assistance at the Metropolitan Church.

CHARLES KING.

FROM WASHINGTON. (No. 2)

The closing of the present Congress and the commencement of Lent this year occur on the same day—the 4th of March. As the time allotted to Congress and to the devotion of society shortens, the rush of business and the whirl of pleasure increase in velocity. During the first part of Congress, legislation moves with tardy steps and the long recess for the holidays is past before anything of importance is accomplished in the way of law-making or appropriations for the running of government machinery. Then as the session draws to a close, sessions are held, the members and senators are worn out, leave the House and Senate for sleep and refreshments in the morning, and when the business hour arrives the next day, a quorum is not present, and runners have to be sent out for absentees. Then, too, the amount of money and time spent in the investigations of persons and parties makes the heart sick, when we remember how much good could be done with the money and the time, if spent in placing poor families on land in the West and Southwest, where they could become producers instead of consumers, and add much to our national wealth.

There have been many bills of great interest to many people before Congress this session. The transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department was urged, on Monday last, in a strong and forcible speech in the Senate, by Senator McCrery, of Kentucky, whose term of office expires the 4th of March.

The Chinese Bill, the Army Bill, the Election Amendment Bill, the Brazilian Mail Service, and others, are bringing out in full force the wisdom and eloquence of our law-makers.

And society is as busy and in as great a whirl as Congress, holding night sessions and sleeping away all the morning hours. Luncheons, kettle-drums, hops, Germans, receptions, club meetings (male and female), soirées, musicales, art clubs and theatricals are so numerous that the votaries of fashion and folly attend six or eight during one night. The poor camels on the deserts of Arabia have to take in water for only fifteen days, while the gay throng of our national capital are found in the short month of February to acquire pleasure enough to last during the forty days of Lent. Then the sack-cloth and ashes will atone for all past excesses. And thus we are all gliding on, the grave and the gay, the religious and the irreligious, to that land where we will know as we are known, and see all things in the true light.

The first week in March our Conference meets in Baltimore. It is thought that but few changes will be made in Washington. Our ministers have all worked faithfully, and much good has been done. Dr. H. Naylor is much beloved by the members and congregation at the Metropolitan M. E. Church. Many persons from other Churches come to hear him on Sunday nights, but our church is so large that it takes a great number to fill all the seats. The Metropolitan Church will make an effort to retain Dr. Naylor as long as he is willing to stay, or as the law will allow. His excellent wife has been sick nearly all the time since she came to Washington.

Our city is full to overflowing. At most of the hotels and boarding-houses coats have to be sent, and so long as Curtis presides in the senate, are sure to be found the finest essays on men and things in the pages of current periodical literature.

L. E. D.

Our Book Table.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

Scriven's for March is brilliant with almost fifty illustrations, many of them very striking, not only for the delicacy of the engravings, but for the originality of the combination of two or more subjects on one block. This is especially true of the cuts to the first paper, a readable and lively account of "A College Camp at Lake George," by R. B. Bowker. R. B. Hatfield contributes a new and curious study of an old puzzle, "The Old Mill at Newport," with illustrations comparing it with round towers and battlements in the old world. John Main conducts us through the "Passes of the Sierras," and with Gen. Lew Wallace we take in the full sport of "A Buffalo Hunt in Northern Mexico," without any of its discomforts or dangers. The serials, from the skillful pens of Mrs. Burnett and Professor Boyesen, increase in interest. There is but one short story, "Tommy and Birdy Trill," by Frank R. Stockton. "The late George Rapp and the Harmonists" is a curious, interesting account of a religious sect that is rapidly dying out. Let no one be deterred by its title from reading "De Gustibus," for it abounds in surprising statements concerning the habits of different classes of society in England and on the continent. Edgar Allan Poe's "Some Western Schoolmasters," and W. G. Sumner gives an historical account of "The Commercial Crisis of 1837." The poetry of the number is unusually good. Sidney Lanier, C. P. Cranch, Paul H. Hayne and Marie Mason furnish poetical garlands for the shrine of Bayard Taylor; while in "October Snow" George Parsons, L. H. Thompson and Longfellow on his seventieth birthday. The editorial departments, "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," and "The World's Work," abound in timely topics ably discussed and handled.

St. Nicholas opens with a stirring story of Arctic adventure by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, followed by one of Mr. Souder's delightful stories, "The Obstinate Weathercock." Julian Hawthorne's fairy story, "Rumpty-Dugger's Tower," is illustrated by Fredericks, is completed. "An American Mardi-Gras" describes the carnivals of New Orleans and Memphis, and is full of grotesque illustrations. J. W. De Forest, Palmer Cox, Mrs. E. T. Corbett, and Mary Mapes Dodge contribute the poetry of the number—the poems of the first three named having several fine illustrations. In the articles on the "Renaissance" and "A Wonderful Gaudy," art and science are brought within the comprehension of young readers. The serials, by Susan Coolidge and Frank R. Stockton, have bright, fresh, and fully-illustrated installments. "Pete from Persia" are beautiful white cuts, with bushy fox-like tails, and "Oriental Bottles and Wells" are fully illustrated and explained. The rest of the number is filled with equally as good matter as that named.

The Nursery, for youngest readers, comes bright and crisp as ever, with its delightful stories, its pretty pictures and its delightful poems. Those families where there are no pairs of bright eyes to sparkle with delight at the monthly visits of this charming magazine, are destitute of much of true enjoyment. How the little tongues coo to hear the stories read to them! How intently they study the pictures, and how real it all is to the little opening, expanding minds! The boys will enjoy the story of old Billy's coasting, Carlo's faithful watching over his young master, the orphan cub and old Prince, while the little girls will be delighted with the beautiful pictures of little Bessie and the Dove, the happy faces of the returning fisherman's children, the story of the "Cooky-tree," and the poems, "Be Honest and True," "Who are They?" and the "Chicken's Song."

The Atlantic is especially noticeable for its richness in poetry. "Longfellow's" exquisite poem, "The Chamber over the Gate," one of his very best, will be read and re-read, and admired the more with every perusal; "The Ballad of Christopher Aske," an old English story, versified by Rose Terry Cooke; two poems from Whittier—the one, "Bayard Taylor," a poet's tribute to the poet-friend; the other, one of his characteristic ringing poems, "The Landmark"; "St. Michael's," the church rescued from the flames that swept over Marblehead, and the "Old South," that stayed the progress of the fire fiend in Boston—landmarks so dear to many hearts, but which the sordid, selfish spirit of utilitarianism would gladly sweep out of existence. Mr. Howells finishes his "Lady of the Aroostook," and places his host of admirers under sacred obligations to him for another charming story. Mark Twain draws upon his humorous imagination for an historical (?) sketch

of "The Great Revolution in Piteira." The solid papers, which raise the Atlantic above the grade of "light literature," are for this number, "The Natural History of Politics," by Prof. N. S. Shaler; "Our Land Policy," by George W. Julian; and an anonymous article on "Presidential Electorates in the Senate." Mr. White contributes another of his papers on "Americanisms," always welcome and full of new matter; there is a story, "Rosamond and the Conductor," by Kate Carrington, and a batch of "Ghost Stories" for the credulous, by H. B. K. "The Contributor," "Recent Literature," are both well filled. The notices in the literature well worthy of attention for their impartiality and literary merit.

Harper's comes forward once again in most attractive form, presenting sixteen articles, and three poems, with eighty-five illustrations. A valuable variety of excellence pervades the number. Are your tastes aesthetic? Here you find discussed the "Present Tendencies of American Art," and "Rembrandt Van Ryn," in the old Dutch masters. Are you scientifically or mechanically inclined? Then "A Few Sea-birds," "The Coast Survey," "Climates for Invalids," or "English Locomotives," and Gray's "Magnetic Motor" will suit your fancy. Would you prefer to travel? Then go to the Tyrol in "Berg and Thal," or to "Afghanistan," or visit "The English Home of the Washingtons," under the guidance of T. A. Story, or to "India," with Thomas W. Knox. Do you prefer fiction to fact? Mrs. Craik's "Young Mrs. Jardine" is of the very best, while Miss Woolson and Alice Perry are not far behind, with Miss Thackeray, if you prefer. The editor's department, especially the "Easy Chair," needs no introduction to readers of Harper's, for in the latter, so long as Curtis presides in the sanctum, are sure to be found the finest essays on men and things in the pages of current periodical literature.

The Popular Science Monthly for March contains within its 144 pages a solid amount of valuable information not to be found elsewhere in so convenient a form. Among the subjects treated of are, "The Electric Light," by Prof. Tyndall, and "The Chemical Elements," by Prof. Lockyer. The illustrated papers are "The Earth-Hog" and "The Sun-god of the Honey-Bee." In physiology we find "Experiments with Living Human Beings," by Dr. George M. Beard, and "Reflex Action and Disease," by T. L. Bruntton. The more popular papers are "The First Three Years of Childhood," "Fires and Their Causes," and "The Sun's Long Streamers." But the paper which will please our readers the most is Rev. Canon Curtis, on "Atheism and the Church," in which occur the following sentences: "No one, who has paid a serious attention to the progress of the modern sciences, can entertain a doubt that all the really substantiated discoveries which have been supposed to contravene Christianity do in reality only deepen its profundity and emphasize its indispensable necessity for man. Never before, in all the history of mankind, has the deity seemed so awful, so remote from man, so mighty in the tremendous forces that He wields, so majestic in the permanence and tranquility of His resistless will. Never before has man realized his own excessive smallness and impotence; his inability to destroy, to create, to ascend to the atom or molecule; his dependence for life, for thought, for character even, on the material environment of which he once thought himself the master. The forces of nature, then, have become to him once more, as in the infancy of his race, almost a terror. And poised midway, for a few eventful hours, between an infinite past and an infinite future, he knows nothing, he is tempted to despair of himself and of his little planet, and in childish petulance to complain: 'My whimcom comit is broken; there is nothing else to live for.' And amid these foolish despairing voices is heard, which says: 'Have faith in God! have hope in Christ! have love to man! have love to thyself! have love to all! of all being it is not for man to have; his knowledge is confined to phenomena and to very human (but sufficient) conceptions of the so-called laws by which they all cohere.'"

Lippincott's for March, says the critic of the *Atlantic*, contains not a paper that is dull reading, and the variety of its topics is noticeable. "A Day with Hudson's Bay Dog-Sledges," "Hungarian Types and Austrians," and "Pictures and Pottery" are all at the Paris Exposition. The three leading illustrated papers, each of all its peculiar interest. The story of "Richard Realf," as told by Rosseter Johnson, is a pitiful one, and illustrates how persistently a mistake pursues one to the bitter end. "Women's Husbands" is concluded, and Annie Porter begins "My Village as I See It." Three short stories and two poems, with the short gospel and book notes, complete the list of contents.

The ever-welcome *Sunday Afternoon*, with its fifteen papers and poems, deserves no less praise than previous issues of this pure and high-toned monthly. Common words of praise are too tame to express the value of so ably conducted a magazine. Never a word appears in its columns that can do doubt but encourage the struggling efforts to keep in the right path, and its papers on life among the wretched in our great cities must open the hearts of Christians to their full responsibility towards the perishing ones around them. We do not name the separate articles because we praise the magazine as a whole, and recommend it most heartily to all our readers. The price of its subscription can be invested in no other way that will bring so much and good returns, excepting, of course, "giving to the poor," which is "leading to the Lord."

The *Lives of Lifer* for March, in its "Talks to Talkers" and "Health Education," contains enough valuable information to warrant a year's subscription. The two papers on nursing in "Scarlet Fever" and "Poliomyelitis" are invaluable. As an educator to a better and healthier mode of living, and the true way of keeping and prolonging life, this journal is without an equal. With this number comes No. 2 of *The Lecturer*, containing in well-illustrated pages, by Dr. W. D. Walcott, "The Natural Restorative from Fatigue," and "The Constitutional Degeneracy of American Women."

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co., Instrumental—Mazurkas of Lorne March, Th. Giese, Op. 160, No. 6; Romanzes, by Edward Hoffman; The Four Seasons (Winter), by Heinrich Lieberich; Love is at the Helm (Barcarole), arr. from Thomas. Vocal—The Sparrows are Calling, song and chorus, words by A. A. Dayton, music by H. F. Danks; You and I, by Frank Elton, and "The Landmark," by E. Elton. Also the *Musical Record*, containing the following music: "True to the Last," words by Charles J. Rowe, music by Stephen Adams.

From D. F. Fausla, Louisville, Ky.: Little Waltz, by Emma Henry Ferguson; Little Colleen, song and chorus, by Thos. P. Westendorf.

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER, LESSON XI.

March 10. Psalm. lxxviii: 1-19.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

I. Preliminary.

This is one of the twelve Psalms inscribed "To the Sons of Korah," who constituted the largest of the Temple choirs. Fourteen of the twenty-four orders of singers arranged by David consisted of the sons of Korah, or the Kohathites (Korah was the grandson of Kohath, first cousin of Moses, and perished in the rebellion of Dathan and Abiram (Num. 16)); their leader was Heman (and his sons), who was stationed, on great occasions, with his singers, in the centre, with Asaph and his brethren (comprising four orders) on his right, and Ethan (Jeduthun) with his followers (six orders) on his left (1 Chron. 6). The total number of principal singers was 288, and being divided into twenty-four courses, each course consisted of twelve; but the total of the Levites engaged in praising Jehovah with their instruments which David made was 4,000. It seems probable that certain Psalms were committed to these masters in the service of song above mentioned, to be rehearsed for special occasions—twelve to Asaph, twelve to the Sons of Korah (Heman), and three to Jeduthun (Ethan). An instance is given, in 1 Chron. 16: 7, of a sacred song being handed over by David to Asaph and his brethren with which to thank the Lord on the occasion of the transference of the ark to the Tabernacle.

The words, "Upon Githith," which appear in the title, are explained by the Targum, "upon the harp which David brought from Gath." It is supposed to have been a favorite stringed instrument in use among the Gathites, and that David came across it in his exile (1 Sam. 21) and adopted it for the songs of Zion.

This Psalm has come down to us without any certain evidence of its authorship. Its style and sentiments accord well with those of David; and as there seems to be an allusion in verses 9 and 10 to a king in exile, it is conjectured that David wrote this hymn after the rebellion of Absalom, at Mahanaim beyond Jordan. Murphy divides it as follows:—"The first four verses refer to the blessings of adoption, the second four to those of sanctification, and the third four to those of justification."

II. Paraphrase.

To the devout Jew the Temple—as also the Tabernacle which preceded it—was invested with a sacredness which can never be associated with any modern structure. It was to him, literally, the House of God—the place of His abiding, the scene of His special manifestation. In its Holy of Holies Jehovah was pavilioned—the light of His presence illuminating it in this Shechinah—and hence the Tabernacle, or Temple, came to possess a peculiar and essential sanctity. "The Lord hath chosen Zion. He hath desired it for His habitation." Never before had He chosen a particular location, but now, "This is My rest forever. Here will I dwell, and delight therein." The Lord was "in His holy Temple," in a sense in which He was nowhere else, according to Jewish conception. He who had given the Law unto Moses amid the quakings of Sinai, and led their fathers of old by the guiding pillar of cloud and flame, had now enshrined Himself between the cherubim above the very ark which contained the stony tables traced by His own dread finger. The mingled feelings of awe and sanctity, and privilege, and protection, which such a belief would excite in a reverent Jew, we can but dimly appreciate. To be separated from the Sanctuary—no longer to tread its courts—was a privation indeed; and this privation must have been felt most keenly in the case of an exile like David who had himself brought up the ark of the Lord to the new Tabernacle which he had reared for it on Mt. Zion, to supply the place of the ancient tent which still lingered at Gibeon; who had himself offered sacrifices and pronounced the priestly benediction; who had arranged the priest, and Levites, and singers in their orders, and established the ritual of worship, and who wrote the Psalms which voiced the deepest emotions and highest aspirations of the worshippers. To him God's house was the chief delight, and we can almost hear the deep-drawn sigh with which he exclaims: "How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Often had he watched the twittering sparrow and swift-flying swallow building their nests in the very altars, as though they realized the shelter and home which God's house offered to the restless and the wandering; and there sweeps over him a sense of the blessedness of those who so love the Sanctuary that they seem almost to dwell within the sacred precincts, and whose lives are keyed to praise. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee;" for it is a progressive strength, step by step, like those who come up in long processions to appear before God in Zion, and who often on the journey pass through vales of sorrow and barrenness, but they press forward, and "go from strength to strength." The Psalmist appears to be tarrying in the valley of Baca, and he cries earnestly to the Lord God of Hosts, the God of Jacob, for strength and deliverance: "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed!" His intense longing to be restored to the enjoyments of the Sanctuary reveals itself in the compar-

son, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." Better, he thinks, it would be, to tend the door of the Tabernacle, and be confined to the threshold only of privilege, than to dwell in the "tents of wickedness." Even while he prays, a cheering beam seems to fall upon him, and he acknowledges the Lord to be a sun as well as shield. His faith grows perceptibly now: "The Lord will give grace and glory." In triumphant assurance he adds: "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." The vale is passed through now; he stands on the heights, and his rejoicing heart exclaims: "O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

III. Exposition.

Verse 1. *How amiable*—lovable or lovely; dear to the heart. "The original term conveys the same root as the name David" (Murphy). *Tabernacles*—plural, and referring therefore either to the several parts and contents of the Sacred Tent on Mt. Zion, or to the two—the ancient one at Gibeon, too old to be removed, and the new one on Zion. The Tabernacles were amiable because God dwelt in them, and made them the centre of heavenly vision and comfort to those who sought Him aright. "O Lord of Hosts"—or "Jehovah of hosts." The name "Jehovah" occurs seven times in this Psalm. For "hosts," see Gleanings below.

Verse 2. *Soul, heart, flesh*.—No faculty of the man is left out, in this exhaustive enumeration. *Longeth, fainteth*.—The desire was so intense, and deep, and consuming, that he seemed to faint at times, and languish, and almost die with longing.

Verse 3. *Sparrows*—literally, "chirpers," or "twitterers;" the name is applied to all smaller birds. *Swallows*—literally "free;" birds that cannot be caged. *Thy altars*.—There were two—the brazen altar for the burnt-offering outside, and the incense altar, overlaid with gold, within the Tabernacle. It is better, with Perowne, to regard these words—"Thy altars"—as a poetical way of saying, "Thy House."

The meaning of this verse is not that the Tabernacle was neglected and in ruins, and David was mourning because the worshippers were so few that the birds were not disturbed. But the birds typify the worshippers; all who seek refuge in my temple! The Tabernacle, like these restless birds, could find for themselves and their children rest and peace in the house of God. The words, according to Perowne, refer to the custom of several nations of antiquity, that birds which built their nests in the temples were not suffered to be killed, or even to be driven away. Herodotus says that when Aristodorus disturbed the birds' nests in the temple of Esculapius, he was killed by the young men, a voice spoke out from the interior of the temple: "Most villainous of men! how darest thou to do such a thing, to drive away such a bird which seeks refuge in my temple!"

Achan was so enraged at Atarbas, who killed a sparrow which had built its nest in the temple of Esculapius, that they killed him. Among the Arabs we find that they build their nests in the temple at Mecca, and the young men, the smallest, the youngest, may find a rest and a home in the Church (Perowne).

Verse 4. *Dwell in Thy house*—not the priests especially, but such as frequented the house of God, and never seemed to be absent from it; like Anna (Luke 2: 37) who "departed not from the Temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Still praising Thee.—Praise will become their habit. Seeing the beauty of the Lord, inquiring in His temple, and rejoicing in His salvation, how can they help praising Him? "Those who have hearts of praise will always find something to praise God for."

Verse 5. *Whose strength is in Thee*.—The source of all true strength is in God. Without Him we can do nothing; on the other hand, we can do all things through Christ. "The strength of God is in God," that worketh in us. "In whose heart are the ways of them." "Omit of them," and read, "In whose heart are the highways," i. e., of access to, and communion with, God; the avenues of the heart all leading to Him. His followers "prepare the way of the Lord." See Ps. 50: 23 (marginal reading); Isa. 40: 3, 4. "The heart of a man is a palace; wilderness, full of cliffs and precipices. When the heart is renewed by grace, a road is made, a highway prepared for our God."

Verse 6. *Valley of Baca*.—Supposed, by Murphy, to be a valley near Mount Gilboa where the defeat and fall of Saul and Jonathan took place, a branch of the great valley of Jezreel. "It received its name either from a balsam, or resinous tree, exuding tears of blood, or from some lamentable event. It is here put for the world as a valley of affliction. The man of God turns the troubles of life to good account. He makes the valley of weeping a spring of spiritual life." There is within him "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." The rain also filleth the pools.—This is a confessedly difficult passage, owing to the various renderings of the Hebrew word, *mareh*, translated "rain." It may mean either "an archer," or "a teacher," or "the early or autumnal rain." The words translated "pools," may also be rendered "blessings." Murphy prefers to regard *mareh*, like *Baca*, as a proper name, and translates: "He covereth *Mareh* also with blessings." The hill *Mareh* is mentioned in Judges 7: 1; and the meaning, in this case, would be, that the harp is changed into verdure and beauty; the soul man's lounge accepts the rendering given in our version, and explains as follows: Even the dry pools are filled with rain from heaven, when the springs of earth fail.

Verse 7. *Strength to strength*.—constant progress through difficulties, which, being conquered by Divine help, invigorate and strengthen. *Every one of them*.—These words are supplied by the translators, to carry on the plural idea in the preceding verb. "Appareth" is singular, and the meaning is: He—the pilgrim to Zion—appeareth before God; overcomes the difficulties by the way and arrives at the Temple. This interchange of singular and plural may be explained by supposing that the writer at one time speaks of the class, and at another of the individual.

The Psalmist probably alludes to the holy pilgrims who used to go to Jerusalem to the three great feasts, singing Psalms. The processions to the Sanctuary are to him symbolic of a walk of communion with God. The tears which are shed on that road become rich fountains, yes, like the latter rain, which ripens the crops, and yields rich blessings. This is the blessing of the tears which are shed in faith. Every station on that way yields new strength, and thus they go on—though weeping on and ever onward till they last arrive in Zion. Is there

a more beautiful figure of home-sick bearers of the cross, who are on the pilgrimage to the heavenly Zion? (Tholuck.)

Verse 8. *God of Jacob*.—"A specially suggestive of struggle, prevailing prayer" (Cowley).

Verse 9. *God our shield*.—This was what God promised to be to Abraham: "I will be thy shield;" i. e., thy defence. Look upon—regard with favor; accept. *Thine anointed*.—David, in this case.

Verse 10. *A day in Thy courts*.—From the preciousness of the House of God implied in this comparison, we may measure the soreness of David's present privation. *Doorkeeper*.—the humblest position. "Better a taste of religion than a feast of the world."

Verse 11. *The Lord God is a sun*.—the first use of this expressive figure which has constantly grown in force and beauty with the discoveries of science. The sun supplies life, imparts light and heat, is the centre of attraction, and the source of all power (See Gleanings below). For life, and light, and comfort, and strength, and beauty, God is the very sun of our souls. *Shield*.—defending us from evil and temptation. *Grace and glory*.—"Under the name 'grace' all spiritual good is wrapped up; and in the name 'glory' all that is material is wrapped up; and under the last clause, 'no good will be withheld,' is wrapped up all temporal good. All together speak of God as an all-sufficient portion" (Thomas Brooke). *No good thing will He withhold*.—If what seems to us good is withheld, then either it is not a real good for us, or else we are not walking uprightly. *Riches*.—meaning good—often withheld from the righteous because their gift might endanger what is far more precious—the riches and health of the soul. Love is just as conspicuous in withholding as in bestowing. *That walk uprightly*.—All things are yours if ye are Christ's. The upright man leans neither to this nor that form of evil (Spurgeon).

Verse 12. This sums up the teachings of the Psalm, and stimulates all to seek the blessedness of perfect trust in God.

IV. Gleanings.

Happier birds that sing and fly Round Thy altars, O Most High! Happier souls that find a rest In their heavenly Father's breast! Like the wandering dove that found No repose on earth, but sought Thee, They can to their ark repair, And enjoy it ever there.

2. "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." This is the solemn inauguration of that great Name, by which the Divine Nature was especially known under the monarchy. As before, under the patriarchs, it had been known as *Elohim*, the mighty ones—as through Moses, it had been *Jehovah*, the Eternal—so now, in this new epoch of civilization, of armies, of all the complicated machinery of second causes, of Church and State, there was to be a new name expressive of the wider range of vision opening on the mind of the people. Not merely the Eternal, solitary, self-existent, but the Maker and Sustainer of the host of heaven and earth in the natural world, which were now attracting the attention and wonder of men. Not merely the Eternal Lord of the solitary human soul, but the Leader and Sustainer of the hosts of battle, of the hierarchy of war and peace that gathered around the court of the kings of Israel. The Greek rendering of the word by the magnificent *Protektor*—all conqueror—passed through the Apocalypse into the Eastern Christendom, and is still the fixed designation by which in Byzantine Churches the Redeemer is represented in His aspect of the Mighty Ruler of mankind (Stanley).

3. "The Lord God is a sun." Is a magnificent emblem, when we learn from astronomy that the sun is the grand centre of attraction, and when we, in addition, take in that sublime generalization that the sun is the ultimate source of every form of power existing in this world. The wind wafts the commerce of every nation over the mighty deep, but the heat of the sun has rarified the air and set that wind in motion. The descending stream yields a power which grinds your grain, turns your spindles, works your looms, drives your forges; but it is because the sun gathered up the vapor from the ocean which fell upon the hills, and is finding its way back to the source whence it came. The expansive energy of steam propels your engines, but the force which operates it is locked up in the coal, the remains of extinct forests, and it is the chemical force resident in his rays which disengaged their carbon from the atmosphere, and laid it up as a source of power for future use. The animal exerts a force by muscular contraction; he draws it from the vegetable on which he feeds; the vegetable derives it from the sun, whose rays determine its growth. Every time you lift your arm, every time you take a step, you are drawing on the power the sun has given you. When you step into the railway carriage it is sun-power that hurries you along. When gentle breezes fan your languid cheek, and when the resistless tornado levels cities in its fury, they are the servants of the sun. What an emblem of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being! (Prof. Green.)

A. D. SARGEANT.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET. WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 4, 1879.
FLOUR—Superfine, \$3.02; 3.57; extra, \$3.75; 4.25; Michigan, \$4.75; 5.25; St. Louis, \$5.25; 5.75; Southern Flour, \$5.00; 5.75.
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$1.50; 2.00; 2.50; 3.00.
RYE FLOUR—\$4.25; 4.50; 5.00; 5.50.
COARSE FLOUR—\$3.25; 3.50; 4.00; 4.50.
OAT MEAL—\$1.00; 1.25; 1.50; 2.00.
OATS—Mixed and Yellow, 45¢; 50¢; 55¢; 60¢; 65¢; 70¢; 75¢; 80¢; 85¢; 90¢; 95¢; 1.00; 1.05; 1.10; 1.15; 1.20; 1.25; 1.30; 1.35; 1.40; 1.45; 1.50; 1.55; 1.60; 1.65; 1.70; 1.75; 1.80; 1.85; 1.90; 1.95; 2.00; 2.05; 2.10; 2.15; 2.20; 2.25; 2.30; 2.35; 2.40; 2.45; 2.50; 2.55; 2.60; 2.65; 2.70; 2.75; 2.80; 2.85; 2.90; 2.95; 3.00; 3.05; 3.10; 3.15; 3.20; 3.25; 3.30; 3.35; 3.40; 3.45; 3.50; 3.55; 3.60; 3.65; 3.70; 3.75; 3.80; 3.85; 3.90; 3.95; 4.00; 4.05; 4.10; 4.15; 4.20; 4.25; 4.30; 4.35; 4.40; 4.45; 4.50; 4.55; 4.60; 4.65; 4.70; 4.75; 4.80; 4.85; 4.90; 4.95; 5.00; 5.05; 5.10; 5.15; 5.20; 5.25; 5.30; 5.35; 5.40; 5.45; 5.50; 5.55; 5.60; 5.65; 5.70; 5.75; 5.80; 5.85; 5.90; 5.95; 6.00; 6.05; 6.10; 6.15; 6.20; 6.25; 6.30; 6.35; 6.40; 6.45; 6.50; 6.55; 6.60; 6.65; 6.70; 6.75; 6.80; 6.85; 6.90; 6.95; 7.00; 7.05; 7.10; 7.15; 7.20; 7.25; 7.30; 7.35; 7.40; 7.45; 7.50; 7.55; 7.60; 7.65; 7.70; 7.75; 7.80; 7.85; 7.90; 7.95; 8.00; 8.05; 8.10; 8.15; 8.20; 8.25; 8.30; 8.35; 8.40; 8.45; 8.50; 8.55; 8.60; 8.65; 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PAGE

More Faith in Thee (poem.) — Ambulance	
Chast. — The Divine Foreknowledge. — Our	
Youngest. — Letter from Texas. — Chris-	78
the Work in Baltimore.	
Miscellaneous.	
Missionaries Protecting a Syrian City. —	
Northwestern Notes. CORRESPONDENCE.	
OUR BOOK TABLE	79
The Sunday-school.	
Missionary Items. — Boston Market. — Ad-	
vertisements	79
Editorial.	
Embossing by Preachtor. — The Chinese	
Question. — Editorial Items	79
Notes from the Churches.	
Hazardschool. — Maine. — East Maine.	
— Rhode Island. — Connecticut. — Many	
Letters. — Business Notices. — Calendar.	
Church Registry. — Advertisements	79
The Family.	
Winter; Northland and Southland (poem.)	
— Iterating in the Hackwoods. — Selected	
Articles. — The New Year. — A Woman Pro-	
phet. — FORTY-ONE AND OLD. THE LITTLE	
FO. RES. Miscellany	79
Obituaries.	
Selected Articles. — Advertisements	

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

Reputation, if it be the blossom of pure character, is precious, and should be sacredly guarded. But considered as a means of happiness or an *end in itself*, it merits the epithet attached to it by Shakespeare when he called it "the bubble, reputation." For since reputation is the estimate the public forms of one's worth, and since that public is made up of many and various minds subject to unnumbered and unreasonable prejudices, its opinion of an individual is as liable to fluctuation as a fancy stock which speculators toss from hand to hand in State Street. An illustration of this is given in the experience of Rev. Mr. Kilpin, who, passing through a street, heard a man say of him, "If ever there was a good man upon earth, there goes one." This was certainly a very pleasant thing to hear. But on going down another street, his self-complacency was wounded by hearing a second person cry out, "If ever a man deserved hanging, that fellow does. He makes people mad with his preaching!" Accepting this as a typical incident, men—public men especially—should learn not to seek reputation as an end of life, but only as a means of usefulness; not to depend upon it as a condition of their personal happiness, but to live so purely as to feel self-approved and to be smiled upon by the All-seeing One. In such a case, though so unjustly maligned or despised by their fellow-men as to be counted, like their Master, of "no reputation," they can still be happy. A good reputation, if deserved, is a pearl of beauty and a graceful ornament; but a good conscience is of more value than rubies; malice cannot lick it away, misapprehension cannot disturb it.

How to deal with its non-self-reliant classes is a problem not yet solved by modern society, especially by free governments. Despotism is better prepared to treat such subjects, inasmuch as its theory holds the whole people to be

Dying often called can "paying the debt of nature." John Foster denies the fitness of the phrase, and insists that dying "is like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it." The aching, burdensome, decaying body is laid down, and in exchange the Christian obtains "liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture!" Oh, glorious exchange! But how is it with the ungodly? They too, gain liberty from their fleshly prison, but not victory; knowledge, but no rapture. To them dying is paying the terrible debt incurred by a life spent in deeds which carry with them a fearful entail of endless remorse.

The case of the thief on the cross, says old Matthew Henry, "gives no encouragement to any to put off their repentance to their death-bed, or to hope that they shall find mercy; for though it is certain that true repentance is never too late, it is as certain that late repentance is seldom true."

You may be sure that your own badness will be no bar to your entrance into heaven, provided it be covered by the righteousness of the Lord Jesus; you may be equally sure that your goodness will not bring you there, if separated from the merits of One who is goodness itself.

The moment the suggestion is made to introduce Sabbath evening preaching, the objection is urged that the members of the Church will suffer for lack of adequate opportunity to develop and strengthen their spiritual graces, and will inevitably backslide. To this we respond, if Sabbath evening were the only opportunity for the membership to enter upon Christian work, there would be no inconsiderable weight in the suggestion. But the weekly prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, and the multiplied services when, even if any special religious interest is awakened, offer large opportunities for the exercise of the speaking gifts of the membership. Besides, the service of prayer and conference could be properly held (and without taxing the physical energies too severely where no preaching service occurs in the afternoon) just before the evening sermon, very happily preparing the way for the most efficient execution of the preacher's office. After a short sermon, if the circumstances suggest its expediency, further exhortation and prayer can be had.

While we do not underrate the remarkable benefit which our Methodist custom of informal and spontaneous social religious services has been to us, especially in the instance of our devoted women and of our younger members, we fear that the whole Christian testimony and services, in the estimation of many, are too liable to be limited to these hours of familiar talking, of inspiring singing and fervent prayers. The larger portion of the work to be done — the work that best develops the Christian graces and strengthens the Christian character — is outside the walls of the sanctuary. It is a work of personal endeavor, of individual persuasion, of visiting the sick, inviting the uninterested to the public service, gathering the children into the Sunday-school, holding meetings in private houses at a distance from the sanctuary, and

Besides it is not expedient to restrain such services; their freedom is their element of life. In almost all large Churches, such occasions are the opportunities for eccentric persons and members with peculiar gifts and remarkable habits of expression to develop their singular gifts. It is quite impossible to secure the unity and preserve the impressiveness best adapted to reach the unconverted persons present, under such circumstances, and to draw them to a personal effort for their salvation. Much merriment is often awakened. The exhilarating songs excite rather than subdue the heart, and the leaders has to append an exhortation almost as long as a sermon to bring the unrenowned portion of the audience into any serious apprehension as to the solemn import of the Gospel to them.

The great work of the Church, through her ministry and coöperating membership, is to persuade men to be reconciled to God. After a holy Sabbath's services, the people ought to be in a better condition to be impressed by divine truth; it is a favorable hour. Young people are disposed, without much consideration indeed, to frequent — houses of worship at this hour. An ill-adapted sermon, long and dry, far off from the congregation, and unsympathetic, is perhaps less useful than the worst possible prayer-meeting. But a short, warm, earnest, tender discourse, upon which the Church has already asked the divine blessing, which is followed through its course by Christian prayers, and which closes with a thoughtful and pointed exhortation, will be as likely as any conceivable instrumentality to reach the hearts of a miscellaneous audience and effect good results. These sermons must be wisely arranged, as were those of the late noted Evangelist in Boston. They may be announced in a form to strike the imagination of young persons; but it is of infinitely greater importance that they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost. We have never known a series of such sermons to be preached in vain. At first little attention may be attracted by them; but persevering faith will triumph. Christ's word is pledged to give efficiency to the preaching of His Gospel: "And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"Shall we recede from the fundamental maxims of manhood government, dishonor a treaty which we virtually forced upon the Chinese government for our own advantage, imperil the lives of American citizens in China, destroy a commerce rich in its early fruit and magnificent in its promises of the future? Must our high boast of open doors and unbarred gates reel labor, which is the only authentic capital, and stifle the dictates of Christian philosophy—all in the interests of sinister jealousy and irrational alarm?"

published in 1877, and is to-day the best authority in existence on the subject of the Chinese in America. The questions asked then with such directness have greater importance and pertinence now that Congress, at the bidding of politicians coveting votes, and in obedience to a supposed patriotic necessity, has passed an act which abrogates the most vital provision of our existing treaty with China, and "hushes our high boats of open doors and unbarred gates" to the poor and oppressed of all nations. This act, as our readers know, forbids any American vessel to bring more than fifteen Chinamen into this country on any single trip. The supporters of the bill are in both political parties, and every prominent candidate for the Presidency supported it. Happily the President has vetoed the bill, and saved the nation from the consummation of the dishonor attempted, adding a new triumph

The measure was forced through Congress under peculiar circumstances, and suddenly. It has been apparent for a long time that among certain classes in California, especially in San Francisco, there was bitter hostility to the Chinese. The Irish population, with the dense insensibility to the fitness of things which characterizes them, having themselves come to this country to prosper by underbidding native citizens in the labor market, show their gratitude for their welcome by making war upon others invited by the nation, because they underbid them. These European immigrants have the ballot, and the Asiatic immigrants do not, and this condition accounts for the fact that political parties in California, and wherever the Chinese have appeared, are striving to outdo each other in pam-

William Lloyd Garrison, whose devotion to the American idea of hospitality to the oppressed of every race, and the equal rights of all men under the flag, is as broad as it is intense, wrote a letter to the *New York Tribune*, sharply rebuking the course of Mr. Blaine. The journals of the Eastern

States, almost unanimously, and all the leading organs of opinion east of the Rocky Mountains, were outspoken in disapprobation of his faithlessness. This induced him to make an elaborate apology and defense of his course in public letter, which was published on the 24th of February. This letter is a more able and brilliant statement than was made by anybody in Congress. It has attracted universal attention, and given its author the most conspicuous position in the ranks of those who have taken for their watchword Denis Kearney's declaration, "The Chinese must go." Mr. Garrison has published a powerful and severe rejoinder, which is conclusive on the issue of principle involved, and leaves the Senator in a sorry plight. But that is not the most important or the most encouraging feature of the case. What is particularly gratifying is, that the voice of this eloquent Senator, which is so inspiring when he is right, has wholly failed to change the public judgment in this matter. His letter is confessedly a masterly rhetorical effort, but examination reveals its weakness. It is the audacious and desperate, but unsuccessful, struggle of a man who is in the wrong, to justify himself. The failure is as significant as the failure of Webster to justify his subservience to the slave power when lured by a prospect of the Presidency.

He asserts, in the first place, that the immigration from China has not been voluntary, but forced, and is characterized by all the worst features of Coolism. This is the common pretense of those who want to get rid of the Chinese; but it is misrepresentation, and so branded by those who are best acquainted with the subject, from investigation in this country and in China. He says the immigrants are almost all men, and what women have come are of bad character, who have come under contract for the vilest purposes. This is true as a matter of fact; but the shame-

ful thing is, that the fault and the blame are ours. Corrupt women were first brought from China for the uses of white men. We have made the conditions of a Chinaman's life in this country such that he cannot safely bring his wife with him. On this point the following statement by Moy Jin Kee, a Chinese merchant of New York, and a Christian, is instructive and dreadfully significant:—

"The better class do not come here because they do not get that 'kind treatment' which the treaty guarantees them; and more particularly because they cannot bring their wives with them and settle here, as the Irish and others are allowed to do. They would gladly settle here and live as Americans do, if they were granted rights which are allowed the lowest Irishman or foreigner. I would like to cut off my eye, bring my wife here, now living in Canton, if I could acquire property, and be entitled in its use, and transmit it to my family. Chiu Lan, a famous Chinese merchant in San Francisco, who died about twelve years ago, owned houses and a fine gaming party, and was worth a great deal of money. He had a wife and nine children with him; but when he died, his property was all taken by the city, and his family was left destitute. That was a great lesson to Chinamen; and that is why they are obliged to leave their wives, and have to leave them in the States. If they have any back to China, if they

Moreover, it is matter of record that when the Chinese gentlemen of San Francisco attempted to send back these bad women to China and had got them on board ship, the authorities of San Francisco interfered in behalf of those to whom the women had hired themselves for prostitution, and frustrated the attempt to get them out of the country.

Mr. Blaine says they live in a quarter of the city of San Francisco by themselves, and in a way that violates sanitary laws, that pestilential diseases are bred among them, etc. Well, in the first place it is notorious that they are forced to huddle together in one quarter of the city for security from the cruel abuse to which they are liable. If the State and city government would protect them as it ought to do, it would not be difficult to enforce sanitary modes of living. His next complaint is that they live cheaply and labor cheaply, as if that were a crime instead of a virtue, and as if there were not in this country room and work for all, except for transient periods of depression. It would be as rational to drive the Irish and the Canadians out of the country because they live cheaper or will work cheaper than native New Englanders, and have driven our native populations out of the mills and shops, and are getting possession of the farms. He says there is danger lest the Chinese come in enormous numbers and overrun the country. They have been coming now for over twenty years. The whole number who have come to these shores is probably not over 300,000, of whom one-third have returned and 50,000 have died. For the last year more have gone away than have remained. The Rev. Mr. Gibson says truly: "From Europe in one year we have received more than twice the whole number of this Asiatic immigration for twenty-five years." Surely there is no danger here which calls for hasty and insulting violation of our treaty compact with the Chinese nation.

Next he claims that China has not fulfilled her treaty obligations, and cites two questionable witnesses whose testimony is in conflict with the official reports of our diplomatic agents and with the evidence of hundreds who are better accredited to public confidence. He next argues that Congress has the right to abrogate a treaty without notice or the usual diplomatic courtesy, and in support of this view quotes an extract from an opinion by Judge B. R. Curtis given when he was on the Supreme Court bench. *The New York Tribune* says the extract being wrested from the context, is misleading, and that Judge Curtis' opinion does not support the Senator. Next he attempts to answer the objection that our trade will suffer damage by belittling the value of that trade. Our total trade with China and Hong Kong for the year ending June 30th last, amounted to over \$41,000,000. Mr. Blaine may be left to the Judgment of the commercial world in respect to this. Then he says the case of the Chinese has no analogy with that of the negro, but Mr. Garrison has shown some strikingly analogous points in the sentiments and temper of the Chinese-haters and the negro-haters.

These are all the points of moment in this letter. The art of the rhetorician, skillful to make the worse appear the better reason, has made them seem to have a plausibility to which they are not entitled by any inherent strength. Give the Chinaman citizenship and the ballot, as they are given to the Irishman, and politicians would count them as vigorously as they now vilify them. But without citizenship and without the ballot they are entitled to decent treatment and justice at the hands of all citizens, and especially at the hands of all Christians. The sin of this haughty nation toward the negro, the Indian and the Chinaman is a foul blot on our fame, and must be extremely offensive to a just God who regards the poor and the oppressed with special tenderness.

The Methodist event of the week past was the dedication of the very tasteful and commodious brick church for the old mother Church of New England Methodism in Lynn. When the old church edifice, now standing upon the opposite side of the Com-

mon, and invested with many precious memories of the former Bishops (Hedding, especially, who often preached in its pulpit, having his residence for years in Lynn), and many now sainted ministers, was erected before it was raised and enlarged, it was a grand model of beauty and an exhibition of generous liberality and good sense. It was called Methodist, because it was erected at the then considered very large cost of \$6,000! But the present elegant Gothic structure—of brick, pure in architectural style, with its graceful spire, with broad proportions, seating over twelve hundred persons, and a grand, even, and commodious floor, and a well-stowed organ, its unequalled appliances for social religious services in a separate but adjoining chapel on the same floor, and opening into the church, its really elegant ladies' parlor and dining-room capable of seating five hundred persons, and its fine and airy grounds, in these cheap building days, in the present construction and site, the sum of eighty-seven thousand dollars. We have seen other churches of the denomination that have cost more, some twice as much, but no one more grateful to the eye, richer in its appointments, more adapted for special religious hearing, or more commodious for social religious services.

The need of a new and larger house of worship has long been felt by this historical Church, but its prudent membership have hesitated during the late years of business depression to undertake the work, and have conscientiously shrunk from involving themselves in a heavy debt. The contingent bequest of a large sum of money, however, rendered it necessary, in order to secure it, to enter upon the great undertaking. Quite large subscriptions were taken up, but with the unexpected cost and other contingencies, the Church found itself, when the church was ready to be dedicated, with a debt of forty-five thousand dollars unprovided for.

It was certainly a providential suggestion which induced the brethren to call to their aid, the Sabbath before dedication, Mr. Edward Kimball, to raise, if possible, this large sum of money, so that they might, without mockery, really consecrate their noble offering unto the Lord. The prospect on the human side was quite unpromising, but to their astonishment and encouragement, within

ten thousand dollars of the amount was secured, and with this amount pending the dedicatory services on Wednesday were opened. It was a bright day. The house was crammed to its utmost capacity. A very considerable conference could be made out of the Methodist ministers present on the occasion. The great influence of Bishop Foster, as exercised by former pastors of the Church; as many as could be attached to positions in the programme aiding in the devotional exercises. These, however, were shortened for another and more important, if not as impressive and exhilarating a work. Bishop Foster preached one of his clear, ably-reasoned and powerful discourses, with great animation, although in poor physical

condition, upon the fundamental ideas of all religion—God, the invisible and all-powerful as revealed in the things that are made. The service was a simple and yet a most impressive one. The dedication of the edifice was renewed, the earnest, undaunted, devout, Congregational Brother Kimball again taking the lead, after a few explanatory words from Pastor Hills. For nearly two hours this work of faith and courage was pressed, and not quite half of the desired amount of money had been raised. The pastor's intimations that although "the end was not yet," it would soon be. The evening again filled the capacious and beautiful house, and the exercises opened at the very point where they closed in the afternoon. Within an hour the battle was won; the subscription to be paid within two years was completed. The business men (having reached the last dollar required). Then Dr. C. D. Foss preached, rising to the height of this joyful occasion as he discoursed, in wonderfully eloquent sentences, upon the fountain of all truth—the Word of God. The house was then devoutly and really given to God, and praises, and congratulations of an uncommonly happy people, the old bell rang out a triumphant chime, and Lynn Methodists, especially the members of the old Common Church, went to their homes almost too joyful to sleep.

New York seems to be thoroughly aroused on the tenement-house question. It is estimated that a half million of her population are crowded into twenty thousand tenement houses. Some of these blocks of crowded residences are quite dense, although the accommodations are new, but the largest part of them, especially in the older parts of the city, are simply terrible as to their narrow, crowded, dilapidated and self condition. We have witnessed, ourselves, when having occasion to visit them often in former years, some of the most appalling exhibitions of wretchedness. Rooms that were once suitable for the use of a family with squallid and dirty children and their parents. Two Sabbath's since, these bad dwelling places for human beings, where malarial plagues are born which sweep the city, and where children that do not happily die (as nearly one half do in infancy)

grow up to a life of certain crime, drunkenness or poverty, were made the subject of discussion by the members of the New York. Prizes have been offered for the best plans for building tenement houses. Several ladies have entered personally into the work of erecting model blocks. Last Friday evening a great public meeting was held in the hall of the Cooper Institute, presided over by Mayor Cooper, to discuss the matter, and notable speeches from notable men, like Patrick Gaudin, Joseph H. Choate and Jackson S. Schultz, were made. E. L. Rieu, in his remarks, said that he had found three things:—(1) women living in overcrowded and even howling violation of the laws of God and man. In still another hovel were nine men all living together—Italian rag-pickers; and here they slept and lived among the rags and bones and filth that filled the room. Indeed, I have discovered two, three and even four persons living in a little airy room, six feet by seven, the cubic contents of which did not much exceed those of a common box. There were only one tenement house such as this in New York, its fate should be sealed. Ought not, then, some measures to be taken in regard to the 20,000 that breed 20,000 times the vice and crime that one does?" Practical measures will be taken, legislation will be called in to lend its aid. The number in a tenement can be controlled as well as the number allowed within a steamship, and the sanitary condition can be improved by better supervision. Men of wealth will build better and grander apartments than lighted upon public sentiment. We had not, thank God, such long simonies as we have

The present discussion upon the "Second Advent," so called, is inducing a fresh and more thorough examination of the New Testament passages supposed to embody it and reveal its attending events. Rev. Dr. Israel P. Warren, editor of the *Christian Mirror*, has issued a fresh and very able exposition of these Scriptures, in a volume entitled, "The Second Advent: A Critical Study of the Scripture Doctrine of the Second Coming." Dr. Warren seeks to show, by abundant illustration, that this term which is employed to denote the second coming of our Lord is not limited to an abrupt and sudden manifestation in the clouds, but expresses His abiding presence (which is the legitimate meaning of the term) with His Church. He holds that all Christ's promises, the events pointed to an early period of fulfillment, although the exact date is not revealed, and all the writers of the epistles looked for the event as of daily possibility. Dr. Warren thinks the beginning of the fulfillment of all these assurances was reached when, by the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jewish polity was utterly destroyed and the Christian Church, under the immediate leadership of the Mas-

pursuing religion of the world. This
Parousia, or divine Presence, is to con-
 cerning until the end of the dispensation, cov-
 ering in its broad scope, comprising
 the things before the
 judgment, and including in its solemn and
 final hours the sublime events that wind up
 time and open the eternal years before the
 righteous and the wicked who have been
 raised from their graves. He meets, with
 great frankness and earnestness of conviction,
 all the objections to this view, and
 shows, with great satisfaction, how
 completely with which his theory fulfils
 the apparent contents of these mysterious
 Scriptures relating to Christ's coming, and
 accords with the history of the Church from
 the destruction of the Holy City down to
 modern times. It is an interesting and in-
 structive discussion, and to our mind warrants
 the World of God, and far less violence to
 than than than than than than than than
 theories of an early, abrupt and phenomenal
 coming of our Lord and His visible inter-
 mediating again in the flesh upon earth. The
 volume is published by Hoyt, Fogg and
 Durham, Portland, Me.

There are several claims upon the charity of our people for aid in the work of Protestantism and evangelizing Italy. We are not sufficiently informed as to the merits of these claims in reference to some of them. Our advices from Italy lead us sincerely to distrust the wisdom and economy of some of them, and the judiciousness of those who are advocating their claims, and taking collections in this country; but all who have lately visited Rome bear unqualified testimony as to the devotion and success of our Dr. Vernon, and of the respect in which he is regarded by leading Italian Christians in that country. Of our work Dr. Vernon writes:—

Now after five years' active service in the various departments of our worthy object, ability and education have given them men of the highest culture and talent, and about as many hundred members and proselytes.

The **THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY** has four zealous Bible men. **Tolsa** work has had the personal visitation and inspection, the aid and counsel of **Samuel S. May**, **Harris**, **Simpson**, **Andrews** and **Bowman** from all of whom it has received private and public aid and counsel. **Samuel S. May** has thought undue were they not men inaccessible to partially. Our mission has been sustained by the full and hearty aid of laymen as **Hon. Oliver Hott**, **ex-Gov.**, **Stanley**, **ex-Gov.**, **Clidin** and **Prof. Wm. Wells** by such aid as they could give. **John C. Wheeler**, **C. Wheeler Haven**, **Dr. S. Freear**, **James** and **W. Arthur**—all of whom evinced a very lively interest. In the work, and most of them have been very judiciously sought to satisfy the most existing contributor to its support. Thus Methodists, in general, have been brought to sympathize and effectively forward the Gospel there through the regular channels of their own Church, and have been made to feel that they are the best and most efficient of all the agencies for the faithful, judicious and effective use of their means. Funds placed by them have been used in the most judicious and effective manner.

Our movements entirely separate from our mission, were they even meritorious and friendly to it, would have been of little value. We have much less faithfully and efficiently. But should any Methodists, for any imaginable reason, be prejudiced against us, more than the tried, well-guarded ones of their own Church, there are the English Wesleyan and the Waldesian

The above are the missions in Italy with which our Italian mission is in relations of mutual confidence and esteem, the representatives of which our Methodist preachers have been invited to visit and to converse with in regular Italian union prayer-meetings, in meetings of the Italian Evangelical Alliance, in meetings of the Italian Bible Society. In the Italian preachers' meetings in Rome and elsewhere, and in all the united public movements and acts by which the Italian Evangelical cause represents itself, but with no others have our Methodist preachers been invited to have meetings, such relations.

The Executive Committee of the New England branch of the Home Missionary Society have at length made an official report in reference to the management of their trust funds and deposits by the late treasurer, C. Demond, eqq. The invested fund had reached the sum of \$60,000, and, as the committee supposed and had directed, was invested in first-class securities. This amount of funded property was increased by subscriptions, held by the treasurer and invested, bringing the whole amount in his care up to the large sum of \$86,000. Without consulting the committee, Mr. Demond took up these undoubted investments and reinvested the funds in securities which are found to be almost utterly worthless. At the annual examination of Mr. Demond's account, he exhibited to the committee securities, obtained for the occasion, which Mr. Demond now admits did not belong to the society. Mr. D. has been heretofore highly esteemed as a citizen, a leader among the Christian workers of the day, and a respected lawyer. His failure in this responsible trust was a rude shock to the Christian community and to public confidence in the management of charitable funds. The moral of the sad affair is, let the noblest intentions be expended rather than funded. Let the faith and piety of coming generations to care for them hereafter; and, especially, that executive committees must not be ornamental bodies, but be active, personal and positive in their examinations, employing experts, if necessary, to thoroughly explore the books and vouchers.

The majority report of the Teller Committee fully confirms the reports of fraud and bribery in the elections in Virginia and Louisiana, during the late elections. In every county, in the former State, save one, by the use of tissue ballots, the will of the citizens was overridden in the canvass while in the latter between thirty and forty murders of colored men were committed in the violent efforts put forth to intimidate them and prevent their voting. The condemnation of the committee in the termination in these States to restrict the freedom of speech as to political questions and to break up all public meetings where the rights of all to a free ballot are discussed. The courts decline to punish the criminals in these acts of violence, while the veriest subterfuges are accepted as occasions to restrain the liberty and to administer severe penalties upon the negroes and their friends. The committee insisted that the time has come when Congress shall exercise the power it clearly possesses of providing by law for free and fair elections of members of Congress, and to secure, without awaiting the tardy movements of the States, the punishment of offenses against its own laws. And this end must be perseveringly sought until it is fully gained.

"The country would rally and rise slowly but certainly from its business depression," said a very intelligent observer, and shrewd business man in our presence, "if Congress could adjourn for five years. It is becoming quite unendurable." When it is taken into consideration that the country is suffering from too much Congress, it is not too much to say that the country is suffering from too much Congress. The selfishness, sectionalism, fraud and place-seeking, exhibited in Washington, never more so than at present, is depressing in the extreme. The great struggle is now to secure the national will, to accommodate the sections upon which a member's patronage depends, or to secure the passage of acts lobbied through by the most brazen impudence and the shameless use of money. With this constant effort to make all the important public acts of legislation tend to the aid of the coming national election, makes the scene at Washington anything but a subject of pleasant contemplation. The purity and freedom of the ballot-box, the doctrine of human equality before God and the law, the defense of the citizen in his civil rights, the restraint of the great whiskey poisoners, who are sapping the virtue of the land, the interests of education and good morals—all these subjects are of little moment in the estimation of our legislators, compared with the importance of weakening the present administration and opening the door to fraud among the roughs of New York and San Francisco, and the Ku Klux bands in Louisiana and Mississippi. "O Lord, how long!"

Dr. Charles Callis issues his fourteenth Annual Report of the Consumptive Home and other institutions connected with his constantly growing "work of faith" among the most helpless and pitiful of human sufferers. Cuts of the various homes are given and a very remarkable history of the way in which a Divine Providence has led the mind of the devoted founder to open these institutions specially for the relief of suffering and the spiritual benefit of the sufferers, and how, as God feeds the ravens, He has provided for the daily necessities of these hospitals, homes, training school and missions. No one can read this interesting manual without finding awakened within him fresh faith in a present Saviour and a devoted trust in all His promises for time and for eternity. While no contributions are directly sought, no more effective measure to secure them can be devised than the circulation of this remarkable collection of incidents and embodiment of Christian opportunities for aid to Christ's afflicted ones.

Rev. Dr. Sanford Hunt, now of Buffalo, has been appointed Book Agent, as successor of the late Dr. Nelson. The firm will be Phillips & Hunt. He was graduated at Allegheny College in 1847; a delegate from the Western New York Conference to General Conference in 1876. He is the author of an able work upon "Laws Relating to Religious Corporations." He preached a striking memorial discourse upon the death of the late Rev. Ira G. Bidwell. He is a man of fine business habits, a devoted, loyal, able, and popular Methodist preacher. We wish him the highest success in his present very responsible position.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publish an impressive memorial sermon of Rev. Bishop Quintard, delivered in commemoration of the life of the late Rev. Charles Carroll Patton, Rector of Grace Church, Memphis, Tenn.—a heroic and devoted martyr to his enduring labors, during the prevalence of this yellow fever, in behalf of the suffering and dying around him. He was a graduate of West Point, and left the army for the ministry. His ministerial life was short, but full of devotion and marked by an earnest piety. A. Williams & Co., Boston, have it for sale.

The expected visit of the President to the Chinese fleet was sent in on Saturday, and is a state paper of exceptional ability. It simply treats the points in the act that are objectionable, without entering into the question of foreign immigration, of labor and capital, or introducing any of the political theories inventing the subject. The bill is simply because, in his judgment, it is an irregular and unlawful manner of breaking a solemn contract with a friendly power. The abrogation of the required article in the treaty, the President thinks, would leave all our citizens in China without protection; and this would be in addition to the derogation of our national power, which would inevitably follow such a hastily-considered and ungenerous course.

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Joseph Hillman, Esq., with six of his colleagues of the Troy printing band, opened a religious service with the Abundant M. E. Church, last Saturday evening. They conducted the public exercises on the Sabbath. The house was filled all day to its utmost capacity, and in the evening the altar was

crowded with seekers. The brethren will remain with the Church for several days. The prospect of a good work is promising.

W. Williams & Co. have for sale a tasteful collection of Scriptures and hymns, printed upon thick cards with a border, and united by a ribbon. This bouquet of Scripture blossoms and lyrical flowers is entitled "Lenten Moans," and the selections are adapted to the season upon which we have entered. Peter Paul & Bro., of Buffalo, are the publishers.

Superintendent M. L. Eldridge sends out the twenty-eighth annual report of the Providence Reform School. He is crowded with boys and girls that are going astray, and needs another building for the latter. Let him have it, citizens of Providence! It is cheaper to educate than to punish crime, and provide for the poverty that is sure to follow ignorance and vice.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

South Boston.—In the Broadway M. E. Church, Dr. J. H. Twombly, pastor, a revival spirit has been prevalent since the commencement of the new year. At the sacramental service, last Sabbath, twenty-one persons, most of them heads of families, were admitted on probation.

East Pepperell.—Our Church has just closed a protracted meeting lasting twenty-five nights, under the direction of Rev. F. Keyes, of Woburn. The result is quite satisfactory, eight probationers having been received, and several others professing conversion or reclamation. The work has been very practical and thorough, and has resulted in clear and unmistakable conversions. Brother Keyes is an earnest and convincing preacher of more than ordinary pulpit ability. He insists on no compensation whatever for his services, desiring only his expenses paid.

Springfield.—The Methodist church edifies in this goodly city number four, all first-class, and of course, with first-class preaching. There is a Florence Street, "the mother of us all," as it sprang from the little chapel at the "Water-shops," in which many of our old heroic preachers have caused their voices to be heard, not within the walls only, but the echoes rolled through all the village. "At the 'Water-shops'" the rough forging was done for the Army and the hot blast of the furnaces and the deafening thunder of the trip-hammers were reproduced in that other workshop, the old chapel, where those old sons of thunder forged and shaped the grand structure of Methodism in the valley of the Connecticut. Their voices are hushed, but their work abides.

At Florence Street Rev. J. Scott ministers most acceptably to an affectionate and appreciative congregation. Kind of heart and warm in sympathy, clear and keen in intellect, abundant in labors, his people are glad that no constitutional limitation demands his removal. This Church has no embarrassing debt with which to struggle.

Next stands Trinity, near Pynchon Street. This old society was an offshoot of the Water-shops, and built the church in Pynchon Street, which was thought to be an elegant structure, with its Corinthian columns, its Doric portico, its lofty spire, and bell-tower. It has been successfully renovated, and is now a fine and commodious place of worship. It is a graduate of West Point, and left the army for the ministry. His ministerial life was short, but full of devotion and marked by an earnest piety. A. Williams & Co., Boston, have it for sale.

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subscription was such that he only spoke a few words of cheer and left a very kind token of his interest in the work of the day. The services of the afternoon closed when \$3,100 had been secured, leaving only \$150 to be taken care of in the evening, which was easily accomplished.

In conclusion, allow me to say that no small amount of credit is due to Brother Chubbuck for the admirable manner in which he conducted the affair throughout the day. The young people of the society, from the proceeds of a concert by Philip Paul, have been improving the vestry by tinting the walls; while the Ladies' Social Circle have been giving their attention to the parlors of the church, preparatory to the sitting of Conference, which is looked forward to with much interest by the Methodists of the city.

Mrs. Annie P. Clark, the singing evangelist, whose labors have recently been so successful at Grace Church, Taunton, is to assist Brother Nutter in revival work at Allen Street, New Bedford.

There is a strong feeling in the Church at Attleboro' to make the seats free for one year.

Brother McKewen, of the Brayton Church, Fall River, who has taxed his strength very severely in revival work this winter, is sick with typhoid fever.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT. Brother Sherman is moving as usual with great vigor in his work in South Middleboro'. Conversations have cheered him. It is doubtful if any place where the people are so graced with the sound of a bell calling them to the place of prayer. Brother S. has made up his mind that the Lord's cause needs one there, and he has a very following out such convictions in a very practical manner.

South Carver is well pleased with the services of Brother Ward, the youngest of the sixty preachers on New Bedford district. Good congregations attend the preaching service, the social meetings are interesting, and some have been converted.

Increased interest is realized in the Fourth Street Church, New Bedford.

At Pleasant Street large congregations attend the preaching service, and the vestries of the church are crowded in the evening. Some have sought forgiveness.

Twenty have risen for prayers in Plymouth, with indications of greatly-increasing interest.

The promised harvest has come to South Abington. "To patient faith the prize is sure."

The Baptist and Methodist Churches are holding union meetings in Heyward Haven. The members of the Churches have been greatly quickened, and a few conversions have taken place. Evangelist Hart is helping in the work. He has also been to North Tisbury.

Conversions have occurred in forty of the Churches on New Bedford district within a few months past.

MAINE. The three years' pastorate of Rev. J. B. Adams, of the First Church, Bangor, has been unusually successful. One thousand dollars have been raised toward the debt which has hung over the church since its erection, and \$1,500 has been paid toward the mortgage, purchased six years since. Last Sunday evening three rose for prayers in the prayer-meeting, showing a good religious interest in the closing weeks of a prosperous pastorate.

Brother Adams, of the First Church, preached, last Sabbath, the first of a series of temperance sermons to be delivered by the Portland pastor. The sermon was an able and eloquent putting of the temperance question. Four persons sought Christ at this Church in the evening.

At the last quarterly meeting held at East Denmark, which was made to lift a debt of about \$800 which was on their church. Rev. P. J. Quisenberry, Presiding Elder, preached the subscription with \$30. They raised \$107, and efforts are being made to secure the remainder. This society is weak, but they have some loyal souls among them.

The "New Testament teaching on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the methods of keeping it" was discussed in the Portland Preachers' Meeting, last Monday. The point reached in the paper and discussion was that human interests are paramount to the ceremonial observance of the Sabbath; that the work of Christ for man and man's work for his fellow, in his salvation and uplifting, sanctifies the hours devoted to these purposes. One day in the seven scrupulously consecrated to this work is not too much for the supreme importance of the work, and Christians cannot hold too sacredly the Lord's day or the duties which the day suggests.

Last Sabbath was devoted to missions at Alfred and Hallowell. At Alfred the collection reached five times the collection of last year; at Hallowell about \$200 was raised, to be divided between the Conference Missionary Society and the foreign work. Dr. S. Allen and Rev. H. W. Bolton and Rev. C. Fuller, of Bangor, assisted the pastor, Rev. F. Grover, in presenting the missionary subject. The amount raised is in excess of last year.

Rev. E. Davies is assisting Rev. A. C. Trafton in a series of revival meetings at Livermore Falls. Meetings are held afternoon and evening.

The W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Church in Saco are preparing their anniversary exercises last Monday evening. The readings, recitations and dialogue were very interesting. This society was organized by Mrs. Rev. D. B. Randall, three years ago. The reports of secretary and treasurer show a healthy interest. Eight new names have been added since the annual meeting. Mrs. Littlefield was chosen president.

BRIDGTON.—Five candidates were baptized at Bridgton last Sabbath. Extra Bible readings and other meetings will continue. The infidelity of the place is quieter, but is by no means subdued.

O. M. COUSINS.

EAST MAINE.

An interesting series of religious meetings is being held in Brooksville. The Congregational and Methodist Churches are united in the work, and they are assisted by Brothers Smith and McKenney, of Portland. A large number of persons have declared a purpose to live a religious life.

A revival of religion has lately blessed Orland. The interest continues with unabated influence. Ten or more have already joined the Methodist Church, and a number more are expected to unite immediately. The religious revival is followed by a temperance revival, and a reform club of sixty members has been organized.

The religious interest at Bucksport Centre is still advancing, though somewhat slowly. Another series of meetings was commenced Feb. 25th, amid encouraging prospects.

BANGOR DISTRICT. Bangor.—Rev. H. W. Bolton baptised six candidates Feb. 9th. Messrs. Chubbuck and Bumpus are holding meetings with the First Congregational and the First Methodist Churches, afternoon and evening, and a good interest prevails.

The Free Will Baptist Church of Bangor have called Rev. R. H. Howard, and he has accepted the call and entered upon the work.

Hampden.—Rev. C. A. Southard is enjoying a glorious revival. Many of Hampden's best citizens have been converted.

Winterport.—Rev. C. E. Springer reports good interest among the people. Eight have recently found the Saviour. He is now laboring at Monroe, with good prospects.

Houlton.—The friends of Rev. L. L. Hascome entered the parsonage a few nights ago, and left \$117.

Rev. C. P. Lyford, of the Central N. Y. Conference, compelled to leave the work on account of poor health, has opened an office in Bangor as business manager of Maine for the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company.

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The Family.

WINTER—NORTHLAND AND SOUTHLAND.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

In the Northland the forests roar and bow,
There is boom, and crash, and thunder,
And the mighty are riven asunder.

All the valleys and hills are stark and white;
Through the fogs and frosts congealing
The earth plunges and toils, and blindly reels.

From the gates of the dawn the windy storm blows
His shrill bugle-blasts of battle;
There is tramping, and clangor, and rattle.

'Mid the marshing hosts slow ploughs the sun,
Through the thick clog-clouds outthrusting,
And the day from the dark scarce retrieving.

When he sinks, the wild tumult ebbs to rise;
The long night hears sob and sallowing,
And cries eerie, and bitter bewallings.

In the Southland, the falling leaves are lute,
All the holy night blossoming,
All the day to love's music intoning.

On the balmy-breathed hills the purple mist
Shows where winter plays and dallies;
And the tender blue haze in the valleys.

The white frost on wan grass, the stifled storm
That choir past with pipes Orphean,
These make winter in our lands Sabean.

With gold gauze on the wind-slopes drifting
To soft opal skies low lying,
And pale flowers that smile sweetest in dying.

So adown the pearl deeps; the days and eyes
With a rhythmic pulse go pacing,
While the winter the spring is embracing.

ITINERATING IN THE BACK-WOODS.

BY REV. NATHAN RUBBELL.

[Continued.]

Numerous incidents occurred during the Conference year, many of them being of a humorous, and others of a thrilling, description. Want of space precludes the insertion of more than a few of them.

On the night of my arrival at the village, I inquired of the driver whether a certain secret society which had united with while "traveling East," a few years previously, had a branch in the place. He replied in the negative. While stopping at the hotel for the night he inadvertently referred to my question. Judge of my amazement when I ascertained that the community was in an uproar on the subject. I had come to the "head centre" of opposition to the cause to us known were disposed to starve the new pastor out in consequence of his connection with the body. Some outside of the Church also sympathized with them. The outlook was dark financially, if not otherwise.

A colonel who had been killed in one of the battles of the Rebellion was brought home for burial. Though he had been a member of the same organization, his friends, being opposed to it, resolved not to ask me to attend the funeral, but invited the Methodist preacher at Hancock to preach the sermon. He said that he did not wish to come with them. They told him that they had not spoken to me, as I was a member of the same order. He thereupon agreed to come. The village church being small, it was decided to conduct the funeral services in a grove, the ground being sacred. A vast congregation was gathered. Some came a distance of thirty miles. After the sermon the preacher, at the request of some of the relatives, asked me to speak concerning the deceased. In doing so I vindicated him from any wrong doing in being a member of the secret order, stating that George Washington, De Witt Clinton, Lafayette, Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Garibaldi and multitudes of prominent men were identified with the organization, and it could not be denied but that he was in excellent company, to say the least. Then it leaked out that the brother who had preached the sermon also belonged to the same society. These were bomb-shells in their camp. The order flourished wonderfully that year throughout the entire county, in consequence. Several donations were given me on the circuit, all being vastly larger than had ever been received by pastors before. This local opposition brought new friends to the front.

Driving into the village from another part of the circuit, one afternoon, I found that the congregation was much smaller than usual, though the day was exceedingly pleasant. Suspecting that some new phase of the opposition was about to disclose itself, I finished my sermon with considerable anxiety. Driving on rapidly toward the next appointment (I was to preach four times on that day), I discovered, about two miles from the village, a company of men approaching. Some carried rifles, others knives, while several bore on their shoulders portions of a deer which they had just killed. They proved to be a part of my missing congregation. Among them I recognized several of our official brethren, besides some private members of the Church. "Say nothing, Domine," said one of my stewards, who bore a quarter of venison on his shoulder. In explanation, they stated that while they were getting ready for church a deer suddenly darted out of the mountain near the village, and passing through several door-ways, made his way leisurely up the road, this seeming challenge was more than a frontiersman could endure, even

though made on the Sabbath. Expecting to capture him within a few rods at most, they were led several miles before the bullet from their rifle laid him low. For obvious reasons none of that venison found its way to the parsonage table.

During the year the darkest hour was reached in the terrible civil war which was then raging. Some of the most pronounced friends of Jefferson Davis resided in that region. Each Union victory was minimized by them, and every subordinate rebel success was expanded to tremendous proportions. Of course there were multitudes of patriotic spirits who stood by the old flag when the national cause seemed well-nigh hopeless. Gold at one time rose to 290. Brown sugar was 33 cents per pound in our village, butter 60 cents, flimsy, unbleached muslin 75 cents per yard, ticking, \$1.05 per yard, and printed calico 45 and 50 cents. It has already been stated that the salary of the pastor had been estimated at \$400, which by some mysterious process must be made to cover a multitude of financial sins, embracing the purchase of a horse, wagon, and harness, the keeping and shoeing of the animal, repairs to the wagon, besides boarding and clothing for four persons. The bills for repairs were by no means insignificant, for (whether a lineal descendant of Jehu, or not, I cannot tell) I have always been a reckless driver.

The names of some of the preaching-places on the circuit were more expressive than euphonious. Here is the entire list: "Harvard, Long Flat, Baxter's Brook, Trout Brook, Carcase Brook, Beaverkill, South Woods, Reid's Brook, Fish's Eddy, and Partridge Island. The mode of raising the salary of the preacher was peculiar. Not a dollar was subscribed at any of the appointments for this purpose. When the pastor's pocket-book was depleted, and the bill at the store was assuming gigantic proportions, with gold at 290 in the shade, a sociable, or party of some description, was organized. The amusements on such occasions were chiefly of a social and conversational character, though primitive plays were indulged in by the young people of both sexes.

A donation party was to meet at the residence of a friend at the Trout Brook appointment. The Harvard people decided to attend it, and arranged "a straw ride," which was an attractive feature to the young people. A "bob sleigh" was procured, filled with straw, and huddled together, all that could possibly squeeze in sat on the straw, without seats. The night was bitter cold, the distance eight miles, stretched along the dangerous "dug-way." To describe the songs, laughter, jokes, repartee and general merriment which were freely indulged in, is beyond the power of the pen. The sleighing was grand, and continued excellent without an appreciable thaw for four consecutive months. The snow averaged two and three feet in depth on a level throughout the winter. The house was reached, the supper eaten, the games were played, the contributions passed in, and the journey for home began. In descending a small hill on the bank of the river, and turning the team at right angles at its base, the entire sleigh-load was nearly swept by the momentum over the embankment. Two lumbermen, foreseeing the danger, jumped from the sleigh, and pulling back on it with their united strength, stopped it on the brink with scarcely an inch to spare. They had saved us, but could not stop in time to save themselves, the abrupt swing of the loaded sleigh on the icy hill being so great that both were carried into the river. The water, though not deep, was icy cold. They waded ashore unharmed, but wet to their waists, with the water freezing on them. To prevent freezing their limbs, they ran the remainder of the journey home, stopping at a spring to fill their boots with spring water to avert frost-bite—a custom among the lumbermen. They experienced no serious harm from their mishap, and considerably sobered, all reached home without further adventure. Myself and family were included in the sleigh-load at the time.

Space scarcely remains in which to relate a personal adventure which befell me. After a horse and wagon had been procured, I decided to preach every other Sabbath at a remote appointment—South Woods. It was nine miles distant, and the journey lay principally through a dense forest, the road being a rough cart-path. Two rivers must be forded in order to reach the school-house where services were usually held. Having gone over the road once with a steward, I did not anticipate any embarrassment regarding the direction. I knew that at one point on the road I must divert from the main cart-path, turn to the right hand and follow a less traveled road, and then fasten the horse and walk nearly a mile beyond the termination of this road in the woods. The road branching from the main path was, however, exceedingly "blind," quite narrow, and the entrance nearly concealed by the thick foliage. Consequently, looking for a more prominent entrance, I quite overlooked the right one—the narrow way. Millions of persons have made a similar mistake in seeking the right spiritual pathway. Driving past the entrance rapidly, I had proceeded several miles when I became satisfied that I was lost. It was now near the hour for the afternoon service, and though chagrined and perplexed, I realized that it would be impossible for me to retrace my steps, distinguish the right path from others of the same appearance, and by driving and walking reach the school-house in time to preach. The road had be-

come so bad that I resolved to keep on, hoping that I might return by another way where the traveling would be better, especially as I had already been obliged to stop before several huge logs designed for lumber, unharnessed and lead the horse around them, and then by main strength pull the wagon slowly over them. The road grew worse; no other thoroughfare appeared on either hand. A portion of the road was of a very rough corduroy description: huge stones, gullies and miniature ditches were constantly met. An occasional saw-mill with immense piles of hemlock and pine lumber, slabs, and hemlock-bark heaped up in cords designed for distant tanneries, diminutive log-houses and out-buildings appeared. Squirrels, chipmunks, and various kinds of birds were seen at intervals, my presence apparently creating but little alarm. With Alexander Selkirk I could sing:—

"They are so unacquainted with man
That their tameness is shocking to me."

On, and still on, I went. In the effort to find a circuitous but better road home, I had gone too far to return by the road by which I came. I was determined to keep on until some side road appeared. The road was now down the mountain side. Following a babbling brook which ran by the wayside, I finally reached the end. A rail fence ran across the road, and beyond it was an embankment. Taking out a section of the rail fence, I drove with some difficulty to the top of the pile of earth, and discovered that I was on the Erie Railway at a point near Long Eddy. Beyond the railroad flowed the Delaware River, bounded on the farther shore by a range of Pennsylvania mountains. I thereupon proceeded with the track with the wagon towards a group of buildings which stood near the railway where I judged rightly that the station was. The driving over the tracks was somewhat rough, it is true, suggesting the Humpty Dumpty story, as it was the Sabbath, I knew that there would be few if any trains during the day. I could see for a distance of several miles, the road being of a semi-circular form, while I was driving on the inner portion of it. Should a train have appeared, I mentally resolved to putnam-like, though the water was on each side of the track. Happily, I reached the station in safety, and put up at the hotel until morning.

After settling my bill with Boniface, and inquiring the direction and distance home, I drove on at a rapid pace. After traveling about one and a half miles, I came to the end of the road. As on the day before, I was on the wrong one. It was merely a private lane leading to a house situated in the forest, and I retraced my steps to the main road. Driving on again, satisfied that I was right now, I drove up and down mountain sides, over a road much better than that of the previous day. After traveling several hours I was still in the tangled forest. Allowing the horse to graze and rest awhile, early in the afternoon I started once more. Two more hours brought me to a road with which I was familiar. I was as founded. I was farther from home than in the morning. The horse and myself were utterly worn out, and ten miles lay between me and my village. At length, some time after sunset, I reached home. It had been expected that I would tarry all night at the appointment, hence no alarm had been excited at my absence. When the story of my wanderings became known, it afforded a vast fund of amusement, and possibly evoked a little sympathy, as it was related over and over again by the people at their firesides and by the loungers at the tavern and the village store.

I never started for the appointment again, but persuaded my Presiding Elder to annex it to another circuit, where all classes agreed that it should have been placed before. The people, though residing in a thinly-settled and wild region of country, were remarkably well read and intelligent listeners. In cases of illness or accident in the community, both friend and foe united to assist and alleviate the afflicted to the extent of their ability. After a few years' absence I revisited the circuit, accompanied by my wife. Great changes had been made. The New York Midland Railroad had been built, and thus opened up the country. Death had also been busy. I went alone to the grave-yard to weep. Fide by side they lay—so many whom I had known before. My host who greeted me when I came the first night, and others who opposed me because I was a member of a secret society, had in turn joined the secret company of the dead, from whose mute lips no passwords or secrets could be wrested until the dawn of the resurrection morning. Some whose voices were once heard in the innocent songs at the parsonage donations, or in the village choir, were among the number. Beneath

"The turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

SUNDAY WORK.

It is my impression that much of the work done on Sunday is not really necessary. A little care would enable those who perform it to observe almost all the Sabbath as a day of rest. A few of our dailies, we are told, make arrangements which enable almost all engaged on them to keep the Sabbath day holy. By working late on Saturday night, and by beginning earlier than usual on Monday morning, all that is necessary is done, while but a few, and these at frequent intervals, since each one of a large force takes his turn at the task, are required to work during sacred time.—*Watchman.*

THE GOLD OF HOPE.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain;
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear;
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear.

'Tis well it should be thus; our Father knows
The things that work together for our good;
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes—
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days with all their beauty and their light
Come from the dark and into dark return;
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through the night,
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in one;
Faith cannot live when all is light and sense,
But faith can live and sing when these are gone.

We grieve and murmur, for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breathe a song and not a sigh.

Wait then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end.

And when we reach the limit of our day,
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To Him who shines, our everlasting light.
—*Sunday Magazine.*

"WHATSOEVER."

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

With a thoughtful, far-away look in her eyes she sat there in the gathering twilight of the short winter day, gazing out over the snow-bound earth and up into the leaden sky. Holding in her hand the book she had been reading—the Bible which was her mother's parting gift—her finger was still resting on the words she had just read, and her lips were repeating them, slowly and with emphasis, as if each one had wrought itself into her soul.

Oh, an excellent thing it is to sit thus apart from the world and alone with God, listening to His voice, studying through the precepts of our great Teacher and opening our hearts to their gracious instructions—so excellent that we marvel that earth's sons and daughters ever seem to prize lightly the blessed privilege.

But it is not enough for us to consecrate an occasional hour to the refreshing of our inner lives, for we need to be always worshippers at the shrine of the pure and good; and this always is a moment by moment, for our days are only a succession of moments, and the great whole of life, with all its joys and all its sorrows, is made up of little things.

Here and there some great action flashes out before our eyes, some and we do not forget to yield them homage, do not forget the exceeding great reward to the Master's "Well done," while we remember that these fail to make up the sum of living, fail to touch our hearts like the common things of life—the acts and the voices of our home lives. Nay, it is the constant friction of our daily communings with the world, the ever-recurring small grievances and small pleasures that are as the grains of mustard-seed, bringing to our lives their abundant fruitage. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, leaving us to shiver in the bleak earth-winds, and it is the small courtesies that weave golden threads into the tissues of every day. And as straws tell us whence come the winds and how strong is their current, so do trifles—little words and acts—tell to the world what are the souls that give them utterance and how strong is the tide of love or of unkindness that waits them on their mission.

It is fitting, then, that we see whether the fountain in our souls is pure, that the waters which flow out from it over our lives may be sweet and bright. And not only is this fitting, but we surely cannot stand acquiescent in the presence of our Judge if the talent He has given us to enrich and brighten the world lies folded away in the heavy, coarsely-woven napkin of selfishness and neglect.

Our hearts are full of good-will to our neighbors, and we regard them with the utmost kindness, yet we are often so thoughtless of their comfort and pleasure, so careless of their preferences, that we are binding on their shoulders burdens heavy and grievous—burdens made up of small neglects and little annoyances, yet of cruel, grinding weight. And it is thus we are blighting our joys, thus we are disobedient to the heavenly precept which bids us "love our neighbor as ourself." The very foundation of our social life and peace is this command, and hard to comprehend though it be, we have only to ask, and our hearts shall be filled with love which is a fountain of cheer and kindness for the watering of earth's thirsty places—have only to open the windows of our souls towards heaven and our inner beings shall be brightened and warmed by the blessed light which will perfectly sweeten and purify them.

Our dearest ambitions sometimes yield us only bitter disappointment; our fondest hopes are often doomed to die; but whatever else may be denied us, of this we are assured, that for those who seek this greatest of all good there can be no failure, for One whose instructions are full and unerring has so plainly shown us the way to attain unto it, that we can never grow bewildered. The whole secret of beautiful living is embraced in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and it is they who have taken this for their watchword whose pres-

ence carries peace and gladness everywhere.

Exceedingly broad and deep is the significance of this "whatsoever," so all-embracing that not one of the little things which fill up our days is left out; not one is overlooked. If we would that others be mindful of our wishes, if we crave sympathy and kindness, cheering, loving words and deeds, it is for us to mete out the same measure of blessing, for us to speak the pleasant words we love to hear, to do the deeds of kindness which are of great price, remembering that it is through narrow channels that the streams of our comfort flow—channels that are narrow and half-hidden, yet marking lines of verdure across our life-plain. When the fountain in our souls is pure, then will the world be full of beauty, for drinking the waters of these healing streams, the sweet flowers of love will blossom everywhere, the abundant fruits of charity will ripen in the golden sunlight.

If our hearts are aglow with this heavenly light, and baptized with the gracious influences of God's blessed gospel of love and peace, these lives will become a thousand-fold sweeter and more excellent, since the spirit which always seeks first the happiness of its neighbor, which finds utterance in pleasant words tenderly spoken and kind acts thoughtfully performed, will fill our days with brightness and joy.

Every hour of our lives should be consecrated to the good of others, should be glorified by that devotion to their comfort and well-being which is always looking for these little opportunities to cheer and bless the world, always seeking for the occasion to perform those little acts of kindness and little deeds of love which are of great price.

And, oh, let our first and noblest efforts be given to the enlightening of our home-circles; especially let the home air be fragrant with the sweet breath of small courtesies. Unutterably dear to our hearts are they who sit with us by the same fireside and bow with us at the same altar of prayer; yet, alas! that we sometimes forget how deep and cruel are the wounds which careless words inflict, how sharp is the pain which a thoughtless, unfeeling act can give! Since it is small grievances that undermine our domestic peace, grievances as small and intangible as even the tones of our voices, yet so broad and deep that no human line can measure them, since it is the slightest touch which wounds or soothes, it is befitting that we guard well our words and our ways, our thoughts and our actions, befitting that we ponder well on these things which concern our life and peace.

God forbid that we keep back from the shrines of our homes the gentle

under holy, or that we rudely trample upon our feet the joys which should be nurtured there! Daily are we filling up the annals of these earth-lives, writing them out with clumsy, unthinking hands, or carefully and reverently seeking wisdom of Him who knoweth all our weaknesses. Every act is passing under the all-searching Eye that seeth not as man sees, and shall receive its reward, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. Every thought leaves its impress; and our words, sharp and heedless, or kind and loving, are each making their record. One by one, as we utter them, our words fall upon the air, making little waves of sound—waves that strike our ears and then are gone; but there are those who tell us that they only swell out in widening circles, like the rippling waters when a pebble strikes their surface—swell out and on, and are never lost.

Who, then, may know whether some time in the great hereafter our faculties, quickened and sharpened by immortality, shall not catch these long-slumbering echoes, shall not stand face to face with the utterances of our earth-lives—who may know?

Oh, blessed shall he be when those books are opened upon whose ears there falleth only sweet and harmonious echoes, the pages of whose earth-records are not soiled by cruel, hasty words!

FATHER HUNTLEY'S HYMN.

BY MRS. VICTORIA A. SMITH.

[At dawn and prayer-meeting there was for him only one hymn, that he would sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood,"

Oh, sing that dear old hymn to-day,
The hymn he always loved the best,
No other could so fully speak
His spirit's glorious rest.

He'll come, I think, from out the "throne,"
And haste across the shining flood
To sing with us again the strain—
"There is a fountain filled with blood!"

He would not love the sad lament,
The funeral dirge with measure slow;
For only life in pardoning grace
Filled all his heart below.

Then tell above the peaceful dust
The power of Calvary's crimson flood;
With tender reverence sing again,
"There is a fountain filled with blood!"

We shall not hear a trembling voice
Low quivering through the words we sing;
'Twill be one glad, triumphant note
That heaven itself shall ring.

A soul who knows the highest joy,
From plunging in the cleansing flood,
Will join with us to sound anew,
"There is a fountain filled with blood!"

A poor, ragged lad came to a ragged school in Ireland—a miserable little Arab of the streets, with scarcely a trace of the child in his face. One day, however, he appeared radiant in a new suit of clothes. "How is this, Mike?" said the teacher. "O, sir," he said, "sure daddy's a teetotaler; and I never stopped till I brought him to the meetings, and he signed the pledge; and look at me now, sir!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A WOMAN'S PROTEST.

MR. EDITOR: The following note appears in the March number of the *Sunday School Journal*: "The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has published a series of interesting tracts and leaflets. Of course, as the 'Tract Society' of the M. E. Church is under the direction of men, the ladies must have an independent tract society. Who will be our woman bishop?"

The devoted Christian workers in the zenanas and harems of the East, the women at home whose prayers and nudes are giving a new impulse to the evangelization of the world, the women of Chautauqua and its manifold outgrowths, the women to whom Sunday-school work is as dear as it is to Dr. Vincent, protest against this "ding."

The matter of the "tracts" came up at the annual meetings of the executive committee of the W. F. M. S., in 1877-8. Those who were privileged to be present will never forget the careful, prayerful deliberation relative to this point, the earnest discussion of plans by which a deeper interest in "woman's work for woman" might be awakened among our sisters; the deep-felt need of more wide-spread information in regard to missionary and missions—information with which the "Tract Society and Parent Missionary Society, conducted by men though they were, had not furnished us.

It was in this spirit, and with no thought of infringing upon any established prerogative of a society or sex, that arrangements were made for publishing these leaflets for gratuitous distribution.

If "that boy" on whom the editor of the *Sunday School Journal* is "experimenting," could be given a Christian home by such means "only, would the father think the noble women who had employed these means were usurping man's place or 'fishing' for a bishopric?"

Will you not come to our defense, charging the irrepressible Doctor to bid God-speed to these women who labor with him "in the Gospel?"

A. M.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... "What? Gravy my successor! Oh, this is stew much!" observed Marshall McMahon.

.... "Mother," said a little square-bellied archer, about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one!"

.... Mrs. Partington again. "Poor man!" said the old lady, "and so he really goes to the last Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

.... A Nevada woman scolded her Chinese servant for not properly cleaning a fish, and, going into the kitchen, soon after, found him—*his* it with brown sauce!

.... A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected for a moment, and then replied, "Ah, I see; and you have butted all your life!"

.... Factious parson (to parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid abstainer, and who has fallen on the ice): "Ah, Mr. Brown! Fools stand in the slippery places, I've heard." Mr. Brown (the footpaw was a fearful state): "So I see, sir; but I'm blest if I can!"—*Punch.*

.... An editor at a dinner-table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

.... A little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be told!"

.... Discontented pauper (on the Christmas dinner): "Well, this is the best Christmas dinner as ever we had since I've been in the 'ouse! I think as when we was a dinner party the most ought to eat as whether we liked it well done and whether we takes and not cut the vittles and show it on our plates anyhow!"

.... Old Lady, to Taxidermist: "You can see, yourself, man, you only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and he's dead and tumbled out before your eyes." Taxidermist: "Why, bless ye, 'm, that's the triumph of our art. We stuff him so that he's as natural as they moult in their proper season."

.... Factious old party.—"How long do you say that wine has been bottled, waiter?" "Fourteen years, sir." Factious old party.—"I've didn't know flies would live as long as that." Waiter.—"Flies, sir!" Factious old party.—"Yes; I mean that one kicking about in the bottle."

.... In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather-strap," feebly replied the boy.

.... In the examination by the Teller Committee at Charleston, week before last, the cross-examination of a colored witness brought out this answer. The witness was that rare specimen of humanity, a colored Democrat. And after his testimony had revealed the loveliness of colored Democracy, Senator Cameron asked him: "Are you married?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "What, say?" "What, say?" "Flies, sir!" Factious old party.—"Yes; I mean that one kicking about in the bottle."

.... An artist went to his allopathic doctor for a remedy for a cold which kept his wife at home. "Paint your wife's back with iodine," was the injunction. In the evening the artist set to work. His artistic fancy got the better of him. He sketched a landscape with a river in the foreground, mountains in the background, and introduced bits of still life. "Have you not finished?" said the wife impatiently. "Yes," he replied, "one-half minute more to put my name on and send for the framer."

Gems of Religious Thought.

.... Joy that becomes peace is the highest joy in the world. Turbulent joys are the lowest forms of joy, always. Ecstasy is not as good as peacefulness. As men grow wiser and richer in their spiritual nature they tend more and more to come into that peace which passeth all understanding—the peace of God which is an equalization of joy.

The haughty feet of power shall fall
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unclose.
Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open full:
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

Whittier.

.... It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled along the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, so in art, so in grace. The more the diamond is cut, the

brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, their God has no end in view but to perfect His people.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

.... The turning point in every man's religious experience is, not when he says: "I believe," but when he says: "I will." A man is not a Christian in proportion to the amount of truth he puts into his creed, but in proportion to the amount of truth he puts into his life.—*Dr. J. Walker.*

THE GIFT OF PEACE.
"O garden, once abloom in purple glow,
Is thy life hard? Where wilt thou November's blast
Over thy haughty lines of corn has passed,
Bare banks of desolation rustle low.
Hast nothing left? No future, save of woe?"
From heaven itself my answer fell on thee.

A silver miracle was quick downcast,
The silent, swift, white beauty of the snow.
Faint soul of mine!—so may they fall on thee.
In thy late autumn, some sweet mystery,
Some witness uncontaminated of earth,
Some peace divine, whose high, celestial birth
Is of the stary lands unswayed by death,
Where the eternal spring is blossoming still.
—*Churchman.*

.... We need not ask, "Will the true, pure, loving, holy man be saved?" for he is saved; he has heaven; it is in him now. He has a part of his inheritance now, and he is soon to possess the whole.—*W. F. Robertson.*

.... One Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and every garden, and that shall flow on every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives, it is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of the life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all that it is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

PRAYER.

If, when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say,
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire—
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart,
Religious fire,
The power to sway my fellow-men at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish ill!"

In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.
Or if I only dare
To raise this fainting prayer:
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and weak,
And cannot tell what things I ought to seek;
I therefore do not ask at all, but still
I trust Thy bounty all my wants to fill—
My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come."

But if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee give to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to Thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length."
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Little Folks.

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

THE M. E. CHURCH IN THE SOUTH-
EAST STATES.

At the late session of the Louisiana Conference, Rev. J. C. Hartwell, editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, delivered an address on the work of our Church in the Southern States. We call a few paragraphs:—

The M. E. Church began its work of reorganization in the Southern States twelve years ago in Nashville, New Orleans and Charleston, and from these centers the work has gone on until there are now twenty-eight annual conferences, over 2,000 traveling preachers, and about 400,000 communicants in the sixteen Southern States; about one-half of these ministers and people are colored.

As an illustration of this marvelous growth, the speaker referred to the organization of the work in New Orleans by Bishop Thompson, in 1866. The Conference organized included twelve ministers, four white and eight colored, a few churches, and a few hundred members. From that beginning has grown the work in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, including over 11,000 members and 111 churches in Louisiana, 28,000 members and 130 churches in Mississippi, 18,000 members and over 200 churches in Texas.

The same rapid growth has been everywhere in the Southern States. In the Gulf States the work has been more largely among the colored people, but in Western and Northern Texas, in Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and North Carolina, besides the great work done among the colored people, there are fourteen annual conferences, composed entirely of white ministers and people, some of which are very strong.

Besides Church organizations in the Southern States, much has been done in the establishment of schools. The East Tennessee University has grown until its students number about two hundred, and grouped about it in the central South, in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee are several prosperous seminaries, in which are over a thousand white students.

Besides these, the Freedmen's Aid Society has established at various prominent centers eighteen colleges and seminaries, which have over three thousand colored students. This society spends annually in the support of these schools about \$75,000.

Besides churches and schools, there are in the Southern States three newspapers supported by the Church—the *Central Christian Advocate*, at Louisville; the *Methodist Advocate*, at Atlanta; and the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*. The total value of church property in the Southern States is \$8,864,123; this does not include school properties or publishing houses.

The speaker pointed out that in the history of the modern Church could be found so marvelous a growth within the short space of twelve years.

A PERIOD OF PESTILENCE PRE-
DICTED.

A time of pestilence, famine and great calamity generally is predicted in the near future, between now and 1880, due to planetary influence. The four great planets of the system, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, at the present time are in the solar system, even though they revolve at immense distances from the center of the scheme. When one or more of these planets are at their nearest point to the sun, great disturbances are sure to take place from the increased attraction of the masses upon each other. Soon, however, the four great planets reach their perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, very nearly together. They will be at their nearest approach in the year 1880, or soon after, and the influence of their combined masses may create a conjunction of forces has not occurred since the Christian era.

A careful observer announces that the perihelion of three of the great planets took place at the same time in the sixteenth and the sixteenth century, and that the epochs were marked by the occurrence of the most pestilential periods on record. Every sensible person will understand that when Jupiter, a planet whose volume is thirteen hundred times that of the earth, reaches its perihelion, being then forty-six millions of miles nearer the sun than when in aphelion, the increased attraction must create a commotion in the sun's seething mass, as well as in the chaotic elements of the planet. It is just as certain that our atmosphere and temperature will be disturbed, and it is feared that the disturbance will be unfavorable to health and prosperity.

It will, at least, be well for every one to put his house in order and be prepared for the worst. Every one should try to live in accordance with the laws of health, that the physical system may be strengthened—deal honestly, walk uprightly.—*Leviston Daily Journal*.

The New York Herald of Feb. 16 says:

"Wesley was one of the greatest religious men of modern times. In an age of religious indifference and skepticism he set on foot a movement which not merely created a new sect, but which reawakened the Church of England and roused it from its religious apathy. Mere investigations against the decay of piety would have accomplished nothing, but the powerful fervor of Wesley made an era in the history of religion. It is only by such depths of religious fervor that an indifferent and skeptical age is ever brought back to a realizing sense of the awful reality of human destiny. The awe arising from the appearance of such a man. The prevailing skepticism which rests chiefly on a scientific basis, would give way before a man of true genius and apostolic fervor who has Wesley's power, or Loyola's power, or St. Bernard's power to stir religious sensitivities to their profoundest depths. Until some such apostolic man arises we despair of any effectual check to the prevailing skepticism and religious laxity of the age. The religious sentiment which is so deeply implanted in human nature will reappear in victorious and all-subduing strength as soon as Providence supplies a quickening man, or body of men, who count all things as dross in comparison with the mighty concerns which connect man with his final destiny. This age of scientific skepticism and sham religion awaits an apostle whose 'word is with power' and whose kindling utterances will melt all other feelings into the perception that Religion is the chief concern."

The *Coloquie Gazette* says the door of the Wittenberg Church, on which Luther nailed his famous theses, has been removed to Berlin, where it is in use in St. Bartholomew's Church.

Obituaries.

The following testimonial, in memory of Mrs. SUSIE S. TAYLOR, and as an expression of sympathy for her bereaved husband, Rev. Church Tabor, is given by the M. E. Church and Sabbath-school of Belknap Falls, Vt.:

In the providence of God, our dear friend and former pastor's wife, Mrs. SUSIE S. TAYLOR, has been called to the eternal world. The Church and congregation with which she was so recently connected have heard of this affliction with feelings of profound sorrow. During her connection with us, she won our affection by her cheerful disposition, winning ways, and many graces of character. Her rare talents and zeal in Christian work made her a power for good, not only in our own community, but wherever her earnest words were heard. While we mourn for her who commanded our love and admiration, let us cherish her memory and emulate the graces of her Christian life.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to Brother Tabor, who is so deeply afflicted in the loss of a wife, who so truly was a helpmeet ever ready to soothe in sickness, and comfort and cheer in the adversities of life. We commend our dear brother to our Father, who is ever ready to sympathize with his bereaved and sorrowing children, who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

S. M. EDDY, } Com.
N. B. LUCIA, }

Belknap Falls, Vt., Feb. 17, 1879.

Rev. JOHN COOPER, of the Providence Conference, died at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 18, 1878, aged 69 years.

Early in the year 1842 the region of Woodstock, Conn., was the scene of one of the most marvelous manifestations of religious interest and spiritual power which the fathers called "reformation."

The Churches united in special revival meetings, and all classes became interested in the great subject of salvation, very many making a profession of faith. Among the remarkable conversions was that of a young man recently from Leeds, Eng. John Cooper had come to this country to engage in a special branch of woolen manufacture with which he was familiar. He had married in October, 1841, and was now a partner in a manufacturing establishment just entering upon a prosperous career. His Christian life was something more than a profession and union with the Methodist Church, of which he made choice. He began at once to labor for the conversion of those around him. In July, 1842, he received into full membership in the Church, and soon after began to hold meetings. In the following November he was licensed to exhort, and the gift thus recognized by the Church was faithfully used. His usefulness was evident, and he soon began to bear a controlling influence in the community. His flatterings of financial success in business, contrasted with the probabilities in this direction in the Methodist ministry, might have led him to be content with such work as he could do in connection with the life of a manufacturer. But he felt that God called him to withdraw from business, and he at once entered upon a course of preparation for the work of the Gospel ministry, and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. After some months of preparation, in connection with continued public labor, he was licensed to preach May 9, 1843, and a month later was admitted to the Providence Conference.

He entered upon his work with a Christian experience not eighteen months old, but real and rich. His mind was clear and vigorous, and he gave himself wholly to his divinely-appointed work.

Probably no man for thirty-five years a member of our Conference has been so little known by his brethren. His freedom from everything like self-assertion and his singular reticence kept him from the place he deserved in our esteem. With the exception of his excellent Conference sermon at Warren, R. I., in 1873, few of us ever heard him preach.

From the beginning of his ministry he was a diligent student. His means did not permit him to accumulate a very large library, but his books were well selected, carefully read, and thoroughly digested. Through the courtesy of the family, it has been the writer's privilege to make some examination of Brother Cooper's sermons. They bear marks of great familiarity with the Scriptures and with standard writers, and of painstaking toil in elaboration. The very large number of sermons he has left, and the great variety of themes treated, show that his range of thought was remarkably wide. He was "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of the Lord." It was his evident aim to win men to an intelligent acceptance of Christ, and to instruct and edify the Church in Christian doctrine. He sought by all worthy motives to inspire his hearers to secure all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.

His labor was "not in vain in the Lord." It is true that he was not what is commonly called a great revivalist. Few, if any, of his charges witnessed spasms of religious excitement. It is likewise true that his path cannot now be traced in the multitudes so seared by fires of intense feeling that it is impossible to move or save them. But when ever John Cooper preached, the Church "grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ." In all the communities where he labored, he is remembered as a good preacher and a laborious and faithful pastor.

His charges were as follows: 1843, Marlboro'; 44, Hopewell; 45, 46, Williamstown; 47, 48, Mystic; 49, East Hampton; 50, Unadoville; 51, 52, South Manchester; 53, 54, Norwich North.

After these eleven years of labor in Connecticut, he was sent to Massachusetts: 1855, Nantucket; 56, New Bedford; Elm Street; 57, 58, N. Bridgeford; 59, 60, East Weymouth; 61, 62, Provincetown, Wesley Chapel.

He then returned to Connecticut: 1863, West Thompson; 64, 65, East Hartford (Hockanum); 67, 68, Wareham Point. In 69 he was returned, after an absence of eleven years, to Mystic, where he remained three years. He went to Centerville, R. I., in 1872, '73—the only years he spent in the State. After one year more at Eastham, Mass., he felt that he must reside where his children could have educational advantages. He therefore removed his family to Hartford, Conn., thereforth pursuing pulpits in the region of his home.

At the Conference of 1878 he was appointed to Haddam Neck. There he found opportunities for usefulness which fired him with new zeal. His preaching was marked by even more than usual earnestness andunction, and made a deep impression. As far as possible, he attended the social meetings and performed pastoral labor. The congregations increased, interest deepened, and his heart was cheered by tokens for good. One Sabbath in September his health was specially earnest and tender, evidently coming from a heart all on fire with a desire to do the people good. The impression was more than ordinarily profound. Little did he know that he was to be called to the eternal world. The impression was more than ordinarily profound. Little did he know that he was to be called to the eternal world. The impression was more than ordinarily profound. Little did he know that he was to be called to the eternal world.

All that day he was troubled by what seemed a boil coming upon his shoulder. Returning on Monday to his home, he started his wife by saying: "I am almost dead." A week of torture from a malignant carbuncle followed. His whole frame was shattered by the disease, but at length it yielded to treatment, and he began to rally. When he had so far recovered as to be able to sit up most of the time, the writer spent a half hour with him. After a brief account of his sufferings, the burden of Brother Cooper's conversation was a recent precious experience of divine grace. During a night of great physical agony his life passed in review before him. He said he "could not find one act of my life worthy of the divine acceptance." After this overwhelming view of his own unworthiness, came such a revelation of the glorious fullness of saving power in Christ Jesus as made his soul exult with joy unspeakable. His characteristic reserve was all gone, and with glowing words and tearful eyes he told of God's goodness so amazing. But the absorbing feeling was a desire to get back to his work to tell of Jesus and His love as he had never done. For this he prayed, as we lingered together. To this the stricken man looked forward with joyful anticipations. That interview was to me one of the bright and blessed events of a lifetime. Never will its impression be effaced. The Presiding Elder called upon him about the same time, and received a like testimony.

A week later the invalid thought himself well enough to walk out in the street. He had not slept well the night before, and his wife said, "Rest a little this morning, and go out this afternoon." Acting upon the suggestion, he retired to his room. A few minutes after, his little daughter passed his door, and hearing a groan, asked him if he wanted anything. Alarmed that he did not reply, she called her mother, who found him unconscious. A few moments later "he was not," for God took him. The vision of "Jesus only" on the mount of transfiguration was not to fit him for labor, but for translation. As was said of one similarly removed, "What a blessed surprise it must have been to him to find himself in heaven!"

His remains were borne to Wareham Point, where, after appropriate services, conducted by Rev. J. Mather, Presiding Elder, they were laid to rest in the quiet cemetery of that village where for two years he had preached the Gospel, to await the resurrection.

The faithful wife is left to mourn, and to merit (and it is hoped to receive) from the ministry and the Church proofs of sympathy and regard. Eleven of his thirteen children survive him, four under sixteen years of age.

Cherishing his memory as a beloved and faithful minister of the New Testament, the lesson of his last experience must come to us with great impressiveness. Surely we shall be more than ever determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

J. H. JAMES.

MARY THOMPSON, of Derry, N. H., was released by death, Dec. 9, 1878, after thirty years of uncomplaining "ordal by fire."

Despite severe disease, she reached the seventh day of her suffering without a word. She joined a Methodist class when she was sixteen years of age, and was always at her post of duty when able. She was a gentle, patient and faithful disciple. Her last words were "I am ready to go home, and I shall be remembered by my brethren and friends."

"Blessed Jesus! I hear the call! My dear babes! Glory! One of our children is the wife of R. V. Baldwin, of the Maine Conference. W. W. S.

Died in Antrim North Branch, Dec. 11, 1878, SARAH ANN SWETT, wife of Landon Swett, aged 72 years and 8 months.

Sister S. had been for nearly fifty years a faithful, cheerful, Christian woman. She was converted and joined the Church in Windsor in 1830. In 1863, with her husband, she removed her relation to Antrim. About this time she was sorely afflicted with the loss of sight, but by faith she saw clearly, and the sight she thus had gave gladness to her heart, and lighted her pathway. God's Word was a treasure to her. She loved to hear it read, and would clasp the old family Book in her arms, and rapturously thank God she had ever been called to read it. Her last illness was brief. She feared not to enter the valley. There was light for her beyond. She gropes no longer. Her eyes we trust, have opened on the glories so long anticipated, and she walks no longer in the valley. J. M. W.

Died, in Kennebunk, Me., Oct. 4, 1878, MERRILL LITTLEFIELD, aged 80 yrs. and 5 months.

Sister Littlefield experienced religion in early life, and was very happy in her new life with Christ.

When she was 24 years old she married a worthy man, Brother Beniah Littlefield, with whom she lived for fifty-six years in great domestic comfort. She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a kind and generous neighbor. Her labors are ended. She leaves a husband and worthy children to mourn their loss. J. M. W.

HARLOW P. TURNER, of Garfieldville, Conn., died Dec. 16, 1878, aged 75 years.

He had been a member of the M. E. Church fifty-three years, and was distinguished for his piety. During his long, and at times a painful, sickness, he felt persuaded that neither tribulation, distress, nor death could separate him from the love of Christ. He loved God's Word and promises. During his illness he often wished or desired those present to sing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," when his "raptured soul, filled with delight," seemed anxious to "See his Father's face, And in His bosom rest."

During his last hours, he asked the question, "Am I struck with death? If I am, I shall be encouraged." Having endured "hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," his end was peace; and although absent from the body and those who loved him, he is "present with the Lord," and ere this knows that "to die is gain."

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ELECTRIC BELTS
AND BANDS

Are self-applicable to any part of the body, for the speedy and effectual cure of

Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Dyspepsia,
Nervous Debility,
Liver Complaint,
Kidney Diseases,
Female Complaints,
Nervousness,
Urinary Diseases,
General Ill-Health,
Wasting Debility,
Spermatorrhoea,
Epilepsy,
Paralysis,
Sexual Exhaustion,
Spinal Diseases,
Indigestion,
And other chronic ailments.

VOLUNTARY
TESTIMONY.

[Extract from the Baltimore "American," December 2, 1878.]

"The Pulvermacher Electric Belt is recommended to general use for the following reasons: First, for its wonderful properties for the cure of diseases of the kidneys, stomach, liver and blood; secondly, for its extreme simplicity, and the fact of its being applied outside, precludes all possibility of any injury being done to the patient, as an external remedy is universally acknowledged to be safe. Another advantage is the facility with which the progress of the disease and cure can be watched, and if the belt is not quite in the right place, it can be very easily readjusted so as to cover the parts affected. The Pulvermacher Electric Belt, and its perfection, has been hailed with delight, not only by the sufferers who have regained health, enjoyment, and a new lease of life through its beneficial qualities, but by the medical profession, who very frequently prescribe its use to their patients."

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A week later the invalid thought himself well enough to walk out in the street. He had not slept well the night before, and his wife said, "Rest a little this morning, and go out this afternoon." Acting upon the suggestion, he retired to his room. A few minutes after, his little daughter passed his door, and hearing a groan, asked him if he wanted anything. Alarmed that he did not reply, she called her mother, who found him unconscious. A few moments later "he was not," for God took him. The vision of "Jesus only" on the mount of transfiguration was not to fit him for labor, but for translation. As was said of one similarly removed, "What a blessed surprise it must have been to him to find himself in heaven!"

His remains were borne to Wareham Point, where, after appropriate services, conducted by Rev. J. Mather, Presiding Elder, they were laid to rest in the quiet cemetery of that village where for two years he had preached the Gospel, to await the resurrection.

The faithful wife is left to mourn, and to merit (and it is hoped to receive) from the ministry and the Church proofs of sympathy and regard. Eleven of his thirteen children survive him, four under sixteen years of age.

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